

BALLADS
OF THE BRAVE

POEMS OF CHIVALRY, ENTERPRISE
COURAGE AND CONSTANCY

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., D.LITT.
CANON OF LIMERICK

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I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days."

MACAULAY

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PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION

I MUST not call this edition of "Ballads of the Brave" a new book, but certainly it is not the old one.

To begin with, the poems, hitherto arranged in unbroken sequence of time, are now grouped according to their spirit and purpose; thus, while maintaining within their several sections due chronological order, affording relief from monotony and facility in reference.

Since the collection, while appealing to all, young or old, who love the spirit of chivalry and gay adventure, is yet specially designed for the use of boys, I had better say a word as to that particular service.

While holding fast to my original belief that, if you wish to please a boy's poetical palate, you must give him songs about swords and ships, not about primroses and pet lambs, I have modified my views as to the degree up to which his taste should be regarded. In earlier editions of this book, I think I was too complacent; I gave the boy too much blood and thunder, and not always blood of the noblest vein or thunder from the bravest forge. Now, while following, I try to guide, his natural instincts. Browsing in these pastures, any boy, I hope, will learn the relish of true literature. But I would not have him turned out to graze all unwatched: I would have him gently turned towards the thymy banks and the clover beds.

Dealing, as, inevitably, these pages largely do, with battle and violent deeds, they might tend, if left quite to themselves, to foster something of a spirit of pugnacity. I trust that older people having surveillance of a boy's reading will try to make him feel wherein fighting is good and wherein evil, pointing out that the daring, the duty, the devotion, of the soldier may move our praise and tears, while the war itself moves only our indignant shame. Again, a boy should be taught to feel literary sympathy apart from moral approval. The sincerest hater of King Charles the First should love the gallant jingle of ~~the~~ cavalier lyrics, and his most devoted adherent should rejoice in the tidal flow of Macaulay's "Battle of Naseby," the one good fighting thing done in verse on the Roundhead side. All these poems are savage and ferocious, but they are faithful memorials of a savage and ferocious land; their literary spirit is as fine as their moral spirit is ugly and depraved.

And, once again, some of us may suspect the purity of the morals of buccaneers; many think that highwaymen had not all the right on the side of their "Hands up"; many even urge that pugilists were rough and sometimes shifty too; but we shall be very strait precisians if we refuse ourselves the delight of literary sympathy when Charles Kingsley, Alfred Noyes, and Conan Doyle sing of the pleasant Isle of Aves, of Bendy's Sermon, with its strenuously personal application, and of the gallant girl who gave her life to save her plundering lover.

But one must not be led to think that all the deeds of chivalry and courage are made to run against the moral grain. There is a large margin of daring that was devotion; of courage that was Christly: we have the hospital nurse here and the martyr, and the rough man, perhaps outside all Christian folds, who yet went one long step with the Founder of them all, and laid down his life for his friends.

On reading through these poems I have stumbled

very often over a difficulty—philological or syntactical. Very often I have been at sea about a locality, a name, or a circumstance. Really one's ignorance is more comprehensive and catholic than one is at all disposed to believe; one does not understand half the things that go without explanation. To put my readers in a better position than that in which I found myself, I have hunted out references and allusions, and have left, I hope, few difficulties without an attempt at their solution. The wise must bear the burden of the simple and pardon needless notes.

The criticisms of style and metrical effect are meant mainly for older readers, but some young ones, I hope, will take the trouble to read them. Receive the heart of our song into your own; have its beat in your blood, its breath in your lungs, its movement in your limbs; and you are not far from inheriting the divine kingdom of poetry. But you cannot understand life without studying anatomy; to feel song you must meddle with metre; for poetry, like the poet, is made as well as born. Against the detestable sacrilege, strangely common among anthologists, of breaking up poems, of omitting stanzas and of altering titles, I have borne my humble testimony by printing everything as the author left it; only once or twice have I permitted myself to give less than a whole poem.

During the two and twenty years that have elapsed since the first issue of this book many things have happened, favourably to its present purpose. The expiration of the copyright of much of the work of Tennyson, Browning, Kingsley, and others has made me free of golden orchards watched hitherto by stern, if courteous, dragons. I have not neglected to shake the pippins down. Also new stars have arisen since 1889: they shed a brilliant lustre over the later pages of this book. In the realm of narrative poetry—in the gallant trick of telling a story, in the spirit of high adventure, the delight of action, the joy of generous blood, and in

all the proud craftsmanship of verse—Kipling, Newbolt and Noyes are very hard to beat. Many of their splendid things are here, for all men to admire.

Those two and twenty crowded years have given us, too, a wider sky, a new realm of sport and adventure, a clearer national voice. All these things, I am glad to think, are present in this book, and make a braver air.

The word "Ballads" in my title is used for poems with a story. There is no substitute, I think, that is not either cumbersome or flat.

In one other regard I should like to say a deprecating word. This book must not be judged as an anthology pure and simple. Besides the purpose of assembling the masterpieces of chivalric verse, there have been the purposes of linking an historical chain, and of covering, as far as might be, the whole field of bravery. Those purposes have involved once and again the opening of my gates to the best that came. For some small things of my own, I can only say that they are reluctant and trembling volunteers, only too willing to fall out of the ranks if better blood will fall in.

I finish my work with a sense of proud wonder at our inheritance of noble verse. Nowhere in the fields of English poetry can one live awhile without surprise at its revelations of splendour; but in none of its fields are its glories so rich, so various, so much our own, as in this, for the very spirit which has made our world-wide England has inspired and shaped these "Ballads of the Brave".

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

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BALLADS OF THE BRAVE

I

BATTLES LONG AGO

*Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.*

William Wordsworth, "The Solitary Reaper".

*O Troy's down,
Tall Troy's on fire.*

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "Troy Town".

I

A BATTLE BEFORE TROY

(SIEGE OF TROY, 1316-1307 B.C.)

So rank after rank they rolled onward, the Danaan men,
to the war

Without cease ; through the trampling the cry of the
captains rang out evermore ;

But in silence the rest of them followed,—thou never hadst
deemed, I trow,

That so mighty a host with a voice in their breasts could
be marching so,—

Hushed with the fear of their chiefs, and about them
glanced and played

The wavering sheen of the armour wherein were their
squadrons arrayed.

But the Trojans,—as sheep in the garth of a lord of
pastured land
In throngs upon countless throngs at the hour of milking
stand,
And they bleat evermore to the young lambs' quavering
cry from the fold ;
So over the wide war-host their mingled clamour rolled :—
For not one was the language of these, nor the speech of
their lips the same,
But confusion of tongues, forasmuch as from diverse lands
they came.
It was Ares that sped these onward, Athene the grey-eyed
those,
And Terror and Rout, and Strife mad-samishing ever for
foes ;
Sister she is and companion of Ares the murder-red ;
Little of stature she sheweth at first, but her towering head
Soon smiteth the sky, while her feet on the earth amid
men-folk tread.
Now in the midst of the armies the Spirit of Hate she hath
thrown,
Through the war-throng sweeping, and doubling the anguish
of men, and the moan.
Ever the mid-space narrowed, till closing they mingled,
and then
Clashed targets together, and spears, and the fury of brass-
mailed men :
Dashed each against other the boss-studded bucklers that
strong arms bore :
And the din shrieked up to the heaven, and roar was
swallowed of roar ;
And the agony-scream and the triumphing shout maddened
up evermore
From the slayers and them that they slew, and the earth
ran streams of gore.
And even as winter-tide torrents, down-rushing from steep
hill-sides
Hurl their wild waters in one where a cleft of mountain
divides,
Till the floods of the mighty fountains pent in the deep
gorge boil,

And the shepherd afar on the mountains heareth the mad
turmoil ;
So from the bickering tangle came shouting and battle-toil.
Homer's "Iliad," Book iv. Tr. by A. S. Way.

II

THE TROJANS KEEP VIGIL

So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host ;
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And each beside his chariot bound his own ;
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge of war
Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart :
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain ; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;
And champing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.
Homer's "Iliad," Book viii. Tr. by Lord Tennyson.

III

THE ARMING OF ACHILLES

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest ;
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
Forged on th' eternal anvils of the god.

Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire ;
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire ;
 He grinds his teeth ; and, furious with delay,
 O'erlooks the embattled host and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold :
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold :
 The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side :
 And, like the moon, the broad resplendent shield
 Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

Next, his high head the helmet graced ; behind,
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :
 Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war ;
 So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
 Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes ;
 His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;
 Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
 And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
 Ponderous and huge ! which not a Greek could rear.
 From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
 Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire ;
 A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Homer's "Iliad," Book xix. Tr. by Pope.

IV

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

(From "*Hebrew Melodies*")

(B.C. 710)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
 And the form of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Bal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Lord Byron, "Poetical Works".

V

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

(From "*Hebrew Melodies*")

(BATTLE OF GIBON, B.C. 1056)

Warriors and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

iv

From lordly Volaterra,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old ;
 From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descrie
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky ;

v

From the proud mart of Pisa,
 Queen of the western waves,
 Where ride Massilia's triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
 From where sweet Clank wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers ;
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven
 Her diadem of towers.

vi

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
 Fat are the stags that clamp the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill ;
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear ;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

vii

But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill ;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill ;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer ;
 Unharmed the water fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

viii

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap ;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

ix

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand :
 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

x

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given :
 " Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome ;
 And hang round Nurseia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome ".

xi

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men ;
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten :
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

xli

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally :
 And with a mighty following
 To join the master came
 The Tuscan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.

xlii

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright :
 From all the spacious champaign
 To Rome men took their flight,
 A mile around the city,
 The throng stopped up the ways :
 A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days

xlii

For aged folks on crutches,
 And women great with child,
 And mothers sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smiled,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

xv

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of waggons
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

xvi

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

xvii

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
 In Crustumerium stands,
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain ;
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

xviii

I wis, in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all ;
 In baste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

xix

They held a council standing
 Before the River Gate ;
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate,
 Out spake the Consul roundly :
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town".

xx

Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear ;
 "To arm ! to arms ! Sir Consul ;
 Lars Porsena is here".
 On the low hill to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the warty storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

xxi

And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come ;
 And louder still and still more loud,
 From underneath that rolling cloud,
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
 The trampling, and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 Far to left and far to right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
 The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears.

xxii

And plainly and more plainly,
 Above that glimmering line,
 Now might ye see the banners
 Of twelve fair cities shine ;
 But the banner of proud Clusium
 Was highest of them all,
 The terror of the Umbrian,
 The terror of the Gaul.

xxiii

And plainly and more plainly
 Now might the burghers know,
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,
 Each warlike Lucumon.

There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen :
 And Astur of the four-fold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbeuna from the hold
 By ready Thrasymene.

xxiv

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car,
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius
 Prince of the Latin name ;
 And by the left false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame,

xxv

But when the face of Sextus
 Was seen among the foes,
 A yell that rent the firmament
 From all the town arose.
 On the house-tops was no woman
 But spat towards him and hissed,
 No child but screamed out curses,
 And shook its little fist.

xxvi

But the Consul's brow was sad,
 And the Consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe.
 "Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
 And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ?"

xxvii

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the Gate:
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods,

xxviii

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wise who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame?"

xxix

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

xxx

Then out spake Spurius Lartius:
 A Rannian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee".
 And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee".

xxxii

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

xxxiii

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great :
 Then lands were fairly portioned ;
 Then spoils were fairly sold :
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

xxxiv

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold :
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

xxxv

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe :
 And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

xxxv

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

xxxvi

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose :
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way ;

xxxvii

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

xxxviii

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath :
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth ;

At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

xxxix

Then Oenus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
 And Lausulus of Urgo
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

x

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 Lartius laid Oenus low :
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

xli

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes,
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

xlii

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

xliii

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high ;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay :
 But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way ?"

xliiv

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

xlv

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
 Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face ;
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

xlvi

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

xlvii

On Astur's throat Horatius
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here !
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer ?"

xlviii

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race ;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

xlix

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three :
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

I

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack :
 But those behind cried " Forward ! "
 And those before cried " Back ! "
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array ;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel ;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

ii

Yet one man for one moment
 Strode out before the crowd ;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud.
 " Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
 Now welcome to thy home !
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

iii

Thrice looked he at the city ;
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread :
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way,
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

lvi

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have mansfully been plied ;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 " Come back, come back, Horatius ! "
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 " Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall ! "

liv

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

lv

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream :
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

lvi

And, like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And, whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

lvii

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

lviii

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

lix

"Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day ! "
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

Ix

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank ;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And, when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

lxii

But swiftly ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain :
 And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armour,
 And spent with changing blows :
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

lxii

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place :
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

lxiii

“ Curse on him ! ” quoth false Sextus ;
 “ Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town ! ”
 “ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “ And bring him safe to shore,
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

lxiv

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

lxv

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ;
 And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

lxvi

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see ;
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee :
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

lxvii

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home ;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

lxviii

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;

lxix

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit ;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

"Russians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you !"

William Cowper, "Poetical Works".

viii

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

(*Extract*)

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword ; at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west ; their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din

Rose, such as that the sinewy wood-cutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other hurl'd.
 And you would say that sun and stars took part
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
 Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun
 Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
 Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
 In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
 For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
 Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pale,
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
 But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
 And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
 Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
 Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
 And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry grasp.
 Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
 Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
 He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
 Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
 And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
 Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
 And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
 Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry;—
 No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
 Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
 Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
 And comes at night to die upon the sand.
 The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
 And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
 But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
 And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
 His head; but this time, all the blades, like glass,
 Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
 And in his hand the hilt remain'd alone.
 Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
 Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
 And shouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard that shout,

And shrank amazed ; back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form :
And then he stood bewilder'd ; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd, and, staggering back, sank to the ground.
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun shone forth, and melted all
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Matthew Arnold, "Poetical Works".

II

POEMS OF THE ARTHURIAN ROMANCE

Flos Regum Arthurus.

Joseph of Exeter.

*When Arthur first in court began
And was approved King,
By force of arms great victorys wanne,
And conquest home did bring.*

Sir Lancelot du Lake.

*That gray King, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still.*

*Lord Tennyson, "To the Queen" (Dedication of completed
"Idylls of the King").*

*. . . Arthur, my dear Lord, the greatest King
That ever lived.*

William Morris, "King Arthur's Tomb".

IX

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

A FRAGMENT

(ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY)

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elmtree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song :
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong :
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong :

By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring :
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before ;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set :
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid :
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,

SIR GALAHAD

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".

x

SIR GALAHAD

(ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY)

My good blade carves the casques of men,

 My tough lance thrusteth sure,

My strength is as the strength of ten

 Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,

 The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,

 The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clangling lists,

 And when the tide of combat stands,

Perfume and flowers fall in showers,

 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend

 On whom their favours fall !

For them I battle till the end,

 To save from shame and thrall :

But all my heart is drawn above,

 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :

I never felt the kiss of love,

 Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,

 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer

 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,

 A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,

 I hear a noise of hymns :

Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 " O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".

xi

MORTE D'ARTHUR

(ABOUT THE END OF THE SIXTH CENTURY)

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 " The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known :
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere :
 Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond studs,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 "Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
 What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoké King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldest betray me for the precious hilt;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And, flashing round and round, and, whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
 But, ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
 But, when I look'd again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
 "My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quic-

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chased his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournaient,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole round TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seëst—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".

And by the torch's blaze
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems to repose,
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose :

"Forbear, forbear!" it cried,
"In the holiest name forbear!
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there*.

"By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine,
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne to me and mine;

"By the home even here o'erthrown,
On my children's native spot,—
Hence! with his dark renown
Cumber our birthplace not!

"Will my sire's unransomed field
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumber in the grave?

"The tree before him fell
Which we cherished many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have tilled
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes filled—
And it shall not give him rest.

"Here each proud column's bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes,—
Hence! and bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries!"

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

Shame glowed on each dark face
 Of those proud and steel-girt men,
 And they bought with gold a place
 For their leader's dust c'en then.

A little earth for him
 Whose banner flew so far!
 And a peasant's tale could dim
 The name, a nation's star!

*One deep voice thus arose
 From a heart which wrongs had riven,
 Oh! who shall number those
 That were but heard in Heaven?*

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, "Poetical Works".

XIII

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

(*From "Lays of Many Lands"*)

The bark that held a prince went down,
 The sweeping waves rolled on;
 And what was England's glorious crown
 To him that wept a son?
 He lived—for life may long be borne
 Ere sorrow break its chain;—
 Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
 He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
 The stately and the brave,
 But which could fill the place of one,
 That one beneath the wave?
 Before him passed the young and fair,
 In pleasure's reckless train,
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;
 He heard the minstrel sing;
 He saw the Tourney's victor crowned
 Amidst the knightly ring:

A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again !

Hearths, in that time, closed o'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place
 At many a joyous board ;
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
 Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
 He never smiled again !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, "Poetical Works".

XIV

THE NORMAN BARON

(From "*The Belfry of Bruges*")

(ABOUT 1150)

In his chamber, weak and dying,
 Was the Norman baron lying ;
 Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
 And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
 Spite of vassal and retainer,
 And the lands his sires had plundered,
 Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
 Who in humble voice repeated
 Many a prayer and pater-noster,
 From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
 Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
 Bells that from the neighbouring kloster,
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
 Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
 Many a carol, old and saintly,
 Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
 Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
 That the storm was heard but faintly,
 Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
 Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
 Where the monk, with accents holy,
 Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
 As he paused a while and listened,
 And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
 Born and cradled in a manger !
 King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
 Christ is born to set us free ! "

And the lightning showed the sainted
 Figures on the easement painted,
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
 "Miserere, Domine ! "

In that hour of deep contrition,
 He beheld, with clearer vision,
 Through all outward show and fashion,
 Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spake more loud than passion,
 And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
 Every serf born to his manor,
 All those wronged and wretched creatures,
 By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".

xv

A BALLAD OF THE CRUSADES

(END OF TWELFTH CENTURY)

Twas a gallant band of knights who had fronted many
fights,
And the noble lord Count Robert was the leader of the
band;
And these valiant soldiers swore by the crosses that they
wore,
That "no word of peace be spoken whilst the tower be-
neath may stand".
And the tower still rested sure; firmly built, it might
endure,
For it recked not of the famine, or of watchings in the
night;
Wounded, weary, and unfed, aid a phantom, comrades dead,
Men dragged on a slow existence, lacking all the spurs
of fight.

Then they whispered 'gainst their oath, but the foremost
man was loath
To stand forth before Count Robert and to give their
murmurs speech;

But before the Count they came, standing silent in their
shame,
And their leader stood barcheaded, gazing sad from
each to each.

Then he bended down his head. "There is one man here,"
he said,

"Who hath done the thing we hated, and to-morrow
morn shall die".

Then each knight looked from his place with the question
in his face,

Like Apostles at the Supper, saying, "Master, is it I?"

But Count Robert spoke aloud, "There is no man midst
this crowd

Who hath broke his oath save one, and he shall perish
in his shame;

But he could not watch ye die. Oh, old comrades, it is I;
And the Saracen gives quarter save to him who was to
blame."

Then they sealed the empty board and thronged closer
round their lord.

Bearded warriors bronzed and hardened, but no eyelid
there was dry,

Crying, "We have broken troth, no man here has kept
his oath;

But we shrink not from our penance: each man here
shall surely die".

Then Count Robert raised his hand. "Friends, I may not
well withstand,

Life is hardly worth the saving if a better thing draw
nigh,

And the nobler thing is death, where it waits us down be-
neath,

'Mid the tents along the valley where the heedless
Moslems lie."

So they issued forth that night ere the coming of the light,
Whilst the blazing tower behind them lit their path with
lurid red,

And they slew and slew and slew, till the rising of the dew,
 Then each war-cry dropped in silence, and each gallant
 spirit fled.

'Twas a valiant band of knights, victors in a hundred fights ;
 But what man may move a mountain, or with famine
 strive and stand ?

If they faltered they withstood till they purged their oath
 in blood,
 And the noble knight Count Robert perished foremost
 of their band.

John A. Goodchild, "Somnia Medici" (Second Series).

xvi

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

(24 JUNE, 1314)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

CORONACH

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do, or die !

Robert Burns, "Poetical Works".

xvii

CORONACH

(From "*The Lady of the Lake*," Canto III.)

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The font reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

IV

FORAY, FIELD, LOVE, AND TOURNEY

(CHARLEMAGNE TO ELIZABETH)

*If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm, and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.*

Graham of Gartmore.

*To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds.*

Tennyson, "Guinevere".

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.*

Sir Walter Scott, Heading to Chap. xxxiv. of "Old Mortality".

XVIII

THE MOOR CALAYNOS

(LATTER PART OF EIGHTH CENTURY)

"I had six Moorish nurses, but the seventh was not a Moor,
The Moors they gave me milk enow, but the Christian gave
me lore;
And she told me ne'er to listen, though sweet the words
might be,
Till he that spake had proved his troth, and pledged a
gallant fee."

"Fair damsel," quoth Calaynos, "if thou wilt go with me,
Say whut may win thy favour, and thine that gift shall be.
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,
And bonny is the red, red gold, and rich the silver pale."

Gallant and gay upon that day was Baldwin's youthful cheer,
But first did ride, by Charles's side, Roland and Olivier.

Now in a ring around the King, not far in the greenwood,
Awaiting all the huntsman's call, it chanced the nobles stood;

"Now list, mine earls, now list!" quoth Charles, "yon breeze will come again,
Some trumpet-note methinks doth float from the bonny banks of Seine."

He scarce had heard the trumpet, the word he scarce had said,

When among the trees he near him sees a dark and turbaned head;

"Now stand, now stand at my command, bold Moor," quoth Charlemagne,

"That turban green, how dare it be seen among the woods of Seine?"

"My turban green must needs be seen among the woods of Seine,"

The Moor replied, "since here I ride in quest of Charlemagne—

For I serve the Moor Calaynos, and I his defiance bring
To every lord that sits at the board of Charlemagne your King.

"Now lordlings fair, if anywhere in the wood ye've seen him riding,

O, tell me plain the path he has ta'en—there is no cause for chiding;

For my lord hath blown his trumpet by every gate of Paris—
Long hours in vain, by the bank of Seine, upon his steed he tarries."

When the Emperor had heard the Moor, full red was his old cheek,

"Go back, base cur, upon the spur, for I am he you seek.
Go back, and tell your master to commend him to Mahoun,
For his soul shall dwell with him in hell, or ere yon sun go down."

"Mine arm is weak, my hairs are grey," (thus spake King Charlemagne).

"Would for one hour I had the power of my young days again,

As when I plucked the Saxon from out his mountain den—
O, soon should cease the vaunting of this proud Saracen !

"Though now mine arm be weakened, though now my hairs be grey,

The hard-won praise of other days cannot be swept away.
If shame there be, my liegemen, that shame on you must lie.

Go forth, go forth, good Ronald ; to-night this Moor must die."

Then out and spake rough Roland—"Ofttimes I've thinned the ranks

Of the hot Moor, and when all was o'er, have won me little thanks;

Some carpet knight will take delight to do this doughtyfeat,

Whom damsels gay shall well repay with their smiles and whispers sweet!"

Then out and spake Sir Baldwin—the youngest peer was he,

The youngest and the comeliest—"Let none go forth but me ;

Sir Roland is mine uncle, and he may in safety jeer,
But I will show the youngest may be Sir Roland's peer".

"Nay, go not thou," quoth Charlemagne, "thou art my gallant youth,

And braver none I look upon; but thy cheek it is too smooth;

And the curls upon thy forehead they are too glossy bright;
Some elder peer must couch his spear against this crafty knight."

But away, away goes Baldwin, no words can stop him now,
Behind him lies the greenwood, he hath gained the mountain's brow,

He reineth first his charger, within the church-yard green,
Where, striding slow the elms below, the haughty Moor is
seen.

Then out and spake Calaynos—"Fair youth, I greet thee
well;
Thou art a comely stripling, and if thou with me wilt dwell,
All for the grace of thy sweet face, thou shalt not lack thy
fee,
Within my lady's chamber a pretty page thou'l be".

An angry man was Baldwin, when thus he heard him speak,
"Proud knight," quoth he, "I come with thee a bloody
spear to break".

Oh, sternly smiled Calaynos, when thus he heard him say—
Oh, loudly as he mounted his mailed barb did neigh.

One shout, one thrust, and in the dust young Baldwin lies
full low—
No youthful knight could bear the might of that fierce
warrior's blow;
Calaynos draws his falchion, and waves it to and fro,
"Thy name now say, and for mercy pray, or to hell thy
soul must go".

The helpless youth revealed the truth. Then said the con-
queror:
"I spare thee for thy tender years, and for thy great valour;
But thou must rest thee captive here, and serve me on thy
knee,
For fain I'd tempt some doughtier peer to come and rescue
thee".

Sir Roland heard that haughty word (he stood behind the
wall).
His heart, I trow, was heavy enow, when he saw his kins-
man fall;
But now his heart was burning, and never a word he
said,
But clasped his buckler on his arm, his helmet on his
head.

Another sight saw the Moorish knight, when Roland blew
his horn,
To call him to the combat, in anger and in scorn;
All clad in steel from head to heel, in the stepp high he
stood,
The long spear quivered in his hand, as if thirst for
blood.

Then out and spake Calvyn—“Thy name I fain would
hear;
A coronet on thy helm is set; I guess thou art a Peer.”
Sir Roland lifted up his horn, and blew another blast.
“No words, base Moor,” quoth Roland, “this hour shall be
thy last”.

I wot they met full swiftly, I wot the shock was rude;
Down fell the mithbeliever, and over him Roland stood;
Close to his throat the steel he brought, and plucked his
beard full sore,
“What devil brought thee hither? speak out or die, base
Moor!”

“Oh! I serve a noble dame, a haughty maid of Spain,
And in evil day I took my way, that I her grace might
gain;
For every gift I offered, my lady did disdain,
And eraved the ears of certain Peers that ride with Charle-
magne.”

Then loudly laughed rough Roland—“Full few will be her
tears,
It was not love her soul did move, when she bade thee
beard the peers”,
With that he smote upon his throat, and spurned his crest
in twain,
“No more,” he cried, “this moon will rise above the woods
of Seine.”

Spanish Ballad. Tr. by John Gilpin L. Clark.

XIX

A BALLAD OF RONCESVALLES

(From "The Siege of Valencia")

(A.D. 778)

"Thou hast not been with a festal throng
 At the pouring of the wine;
 Men bear not from the Hall of Song
 So dark a mien as thine!
 There's blood upon thy shield,
 There's dust upon thy plume,—
 Thou hast brought from some disastrous field
 That brow of wrath and gloom!"

"And is there blood upon my shield?—
 Maiden, it well may be!
 We have sent the streams from our battle-field,
 All darkened to the sea!
 We have given the founts a stain,
 'Midst their woods of ancient pine;
 And the ground is wet—but not with rain,
 Deep dyed—but not with wine.

"The ground is wet—but not with rain—
 We have been in war array,
 And the noblest blood of Christian Spain
 Hath bathed her soil to-day.
 I have seen the strong man die,
 And the stripling meet his fate,
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait.

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
 There are helms and lances cleft;
 And they that moved at morn elate
 On a bed of heath are left:
 There's many a fair young face,
 Which the war-steed hath gone o'er;
 At many a board there is kept a place
 For those that come no more!"

"Alas ! for love,—for woman's breast,
 If woe like this must be !
 Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,
 And a white plume waving free ?
 With his proud, quick-flashing eye,
 And his mien of knightly state ?
 Doth he come from where the swords flashed high,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait ?"

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
 I saw and marked him well ;
 For nobly on his steed he sate,
 When the pride of manhood fell !—
 But it is not youth which turns
 From the field of spears again ;
 For the boy's high heart too wildly burns,
 Till it rests among the slain !"

"Thou canst not say that he lies low—
 The lovely and the brave ?
 Oh ! none can look on his joyous brow,
 And think upon the grave !
 Dark, dark perchance the day
 Hath been with valour's fate ;
 But he is on his homeward way
 From the Roncesvalles' Strait."

"There is dust upon his joyous brow,
 And o'er his graceful head ;
 And the war horse will not wake him now,
 Though it browse his greensward bed.
 I have seen the stripling die,
 And the strong man meet his fate,
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait."

XX

SHAMEFUL DEATH

There were four of us about that bed ;
 The mass-priest knelt at the side,
 I and his mother stood at the head,
 Over his feet lay the bride ;
 We were quite sure that he was dead,
 Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
 He did not die in the day,
 But in the morning twilight
 His spirit pass'd away,
 When neither sun nor moon was bright,
 And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
 Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
 Yet spoke he never a word
 After he came in here ;
 I cut away the cord
 From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
 For the recreants came behind,
 In a place where the hornbeams grow,
 A path right hard to find,
 For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
 That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
 When his arms were pinion'd fast ;
 Sir John the Knight of the Fen,
 Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
 With knights threescore and ten,
 Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
 And my hair is all turn'd grey,
 But I met Sir John of the Fen
 Long ago on a summer day,
 And am glad to think of the moment when
 I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
 And my strength is mostly pass'd,
 But long ago I and my men,
 When the sky was overcast,
 And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
 Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
 I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
 A good knight and a true,
 And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

*William Morris, "The Defence of Guenevere
 and other Poems".*

xxi

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woebegone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever dew;
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child ;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew ;
 And sure in language strange she said,
 "I love thee true".

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
 With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah, woe betide
 The latest dream I ever dream'd
 On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
 They cried—"La Belle Dame Sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall ! "

I saw the starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

John Keats, "Poetical Works".

XXII

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

(From "A Nuptial Evo" in "England in Time of War")

The murmur of the mourning ghost
 That keeps the shadowy kine,
 "Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,
 The merry path that leads
 Down the golden morning hill,
 And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
 The stile beneath the tree,
 The maid that kept her mother's kine,
 The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
 She sat beneath the thorn
 When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
 Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
 His belted jewels shine!
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
 Comes evening down the glade,
 And still there sits a moonshine ghost
 Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
 She keeps the shadowy kine;
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
 The stile is lone and cold,
 The burnie that goes babbling by
 Says nought that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,
 She keeps her shadowy kine ;
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
 Why blanch thy cheeks for fear ?
 The ancient stile is not alone,
 'Tis not the burn I hear.

She makes her immemorial moan,
 She keeps her shadowy kine ;
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !

Sydney Dobell, "Poetical Works," Vol. I.

XXIII

BRANKSOME HALL

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto I.)

(MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

The feast was over in Branksome tower,
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
 Jesu Maria, shield us well !
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
 Knight, and page, and household squire
 Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
 Or crowded round the ample fire.
 The staghounds, weary with the chase,
 Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
 And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name
 Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
 Waited, duteous, on them all :
 They were all knights of mettle true,
 Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword, and spur on heel :
 They quitted not their harness bright,
 Neither by day, nor yet by night :
 They lay down to rest
 With corslet laced,
 Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;
 They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
 Waited the beck of the warders ten ;
 Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
 Stood saddled in stable day and night,
 Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
 And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;
 A hundred more fed free in stall :
 Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
 Why watch these warriors, armed, by night ?
 They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying,
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying ;
 To see St. George's red cross streaming,
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming :
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

THE COMBAT

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto V.)

(MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

Within the lists, in knightly pride,
 High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
 As marshals of the mortal field :
 While to each knight their care assigned
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In king, and queen, and warden's name,
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
 Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life ;
 And not a breath the silence broke
 Till thus the alternate Herald spoke :—

English Herald.

Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
 Good knight and true, and freely born,
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
 He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;
 This with his sword he will maintain
 So help him God, and his good cause !

Scottish Herald.

Here standeth William of Deloraine,
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,
 Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
 Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat ;
 And that, so help him God above,
 He will on Musgrave's body prove,
 He lies most foully in his throat.

THE COMBAT

Lord Dacre.

Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
Sound trumpets !—

Lord Home.

God defend the right !

Then, Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound :
For desperate was the strife, and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.

But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight !
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain ;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no !

Thence never shalt thou rise again !
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp !—
O, bootless aid !—haste, holy Friar—
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !
Of all his gaits let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

In haste the holy Friar sped ;—
 His naked foot was dyed with red .
 As through the lists he ran ;
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,
 That hailed the conqueror's victory,
 He raised the dying man ;
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer ;
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye ;
 And still he bends an anxious ear,
 His faltering penitence to hear ;
 Still props him from the bloody sod,
 Still, even when soul and body part,
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
 And bids him trust in God !
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er :—
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

xxv

MONTROSE'S LOVE-SONG

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 But purest monarchy.
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander, I will reign,
 And I will reign alone :
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival to my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword ;
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

XXVI

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The gods that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king ;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace, "Lucasta: Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc.".

XXVII

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID

(From "Rokeby," Canto III.)

" A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine !
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew,
 My Love !
 No more of me you knew.

" This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,
 Ere we two meet again."
 He turn'd his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake ;
 Said " Adieu for evermore,
 My Love !
 And adieu for evermore."

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

XXVIII

CRECY

(26 August, 1346)

At Crecy by Soimie in Ponthieu
 High up on a windy hill
 A mill stands out like a tower ;
 King Edward stands on the mill.
 The plain is seething below,
 As Vesuvius seethes with flame,
 But O ! not with fire, but gore,
 Earth incarnadined o'er,
 Crimson with shame and with fame !—
 To the King ran the messengers, crying,
 "Thy Son is hard-press'd to the dying !"
 "Let alone : for to-day will be written in story
 To the great world's end, and for ever :
 So let the boy have the glory."

Erin and Gwalia there
 With England are one against France ;
 Outfacing the oriflamme red
 The red dragons of Merlin advance ;
 As a harvest in autumn renew'd
 The lances bend o'er the fields ;
 Snow-thick our arrow-heads white
 Level the foe as they light ;
 Knighthood to yeomanry yields :
 Proud heart, the king watches, as higher
 Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher :
 "To-day is a day will be written in story
 To the great world's end, and for ever !
 Let the boy alone have the glory."

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea
 By Norman arrow laid low,
 When the shield-wall was breach'd by the shaft,
 Thou art avenged by the bow !

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

Chivalry ! name of romance !

Thou art henceforth but a name ;
Weapon that none can withstand,

Yew in the Englishman's hand,
Flight-shaft unerring in aim !

As a lightning-struck forest the foemen
Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen ;

"O to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever !

So, let the boy have the glory."

Pride of Liguria's shore,

Genoa wrestles in vain ;

Vainly Bohemia's king

King-like is laid with the slain.

The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,
Where the pride of the centuries o'er;

The lions lord over the fray,

The legions of France are no more :

The Prince to his father kneels lowly :

"His is the battle—his wholly !
For to-day is a day will be written in story

To the great world's end, and for ever !

So, let him have the spurs and the glory."

Francis Turner Palgrave, "The Visions of England,"

XXIX

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

(*Border Minstrelsy, vol. i.*)

(10 AUGUST, 1888)

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Gramers,
 With them the Lingesys, light and gay ;
 But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
 And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
 And part of Bambrugh shire ;
 And three good towers on Roxburgh falls,
 He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
 And rode it round about ;
 "O wha's the lord of this castle,
 - Or wha's the lady o't ? "

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
 And O but he spake hic !
 "I am the lord of this castle,
 My wife's the lady gay ! "

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
 Sac weel it pleases me !
 For, ere I cross the border falls,
 The tane of us will die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
 Shod with the metal free,
 And for to meet the Douglas there,
 He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
 Frae aff the castle wa',
 When down before the Scottish spear,
 She f'd, the kid Percy fa'.

"Had wize o' n upon the green,
 And no a d, roye to see,
 I wad ha'e t' wi' i, flesh and fell ;
 But youry⁽⁸⁸⁾ call gae wi' me."

"But gae ye ide, o Otterbourne,
 And wait til the dayis three ;
 And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
 A fause knight ex' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn ;
 'Tis pleasant there to be ;
 But there is nought at Otterbourne,
 To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree ;
 But there is neither bread nor kale,
 To fend my men and me.

" Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
 Where you sall welcome be ;
 And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
 A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
 "By the might of Our Ladye !"—
 "There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
 "My trowth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent sae brown ;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
 Sent out his horse to grass ;
 And he that had not a bonnie boy,
 His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
 Before the peep of dawn—
 "O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
 For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
 Sae loud I hear ye lie ;
 For Percy had not men yestreen,
 To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
 Beyond the Isle of Sky ;
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I."

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

He belted on his good braid sword,
 And to the field he ran;
 But he forgot the helmet good,
 That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu' fain!
 They swakked their swords, till sair they swat
 And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good braid sword,
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
 And said—" Run speedilie,
 And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery.

" My nephew good," the Douglas said,
 " What recks the death of ane!
 Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
 And I ken the day's thy ain.

" My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,
 And hide me by the braken bush,
 That grows on yonder lilye lee.

" O bury me by the braken bush,
 Beneath the blooming brere;
 Let never living mortal ken,
 That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
 Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
 He hid him in the braken bush,
 That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
 The spears in flinders flew,
 But mony a gallant Englishman
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
 They steeped their hose and shoon ;
 The Lindesays flew like fire about,
 Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
 That either of other were fain ;
 They swakked swords, and they twa swat,
 And aye the blude ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
 "Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
 "Whom to sall I yield," said Earl Percy,
 "Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou sall't not yield to lord nor loun,
 Nor yet sall't thou yield to me ;
 But yield thee to the braken bush,
 That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
 Nor yet will I yield to a brere ;
 But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
 Or Sir Hugh [the Montgomery], if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
 He stuck his sword's point in the grounde ;
 And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
 And quickly took him by the hande.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
 About the breaking of the day ;
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
 And the Percy led captive away.

Old Ballad.

THE RED HARLAW

(BATTLE OF HARLAW, 24 JULY, 1411)

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
 And listen, great and sma',
 And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
 That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
 And doun the Don and a',
 And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
 For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
 They hae bridled a hundred black,
 With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
 And a good knight upon his back.

They hadnna ridden a mile, a mile,
 A mile but barely ten,
 When Donald came branking down the brae
 Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
 Their glaives were glancing clear,
 The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
 Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
 That Highland host to see:
 "Now here a knight that's stout and good
 May prove a jeopardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
 That rides beside my rein,
 Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
 And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
 To fight were wondrous peril,—
 What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
 Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,
 The spur should be in my horse's side,
 And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
 And we twice ten times ten,
 Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
 And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
 As through the moorland fern,—
 Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
 Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

Sir Walter Scott, "The Antiquary".

XXXI

KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT

(25 OCTOBER, 1415)

King Henry.—This day is called the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
 And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.
 Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,

But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd ;
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

William Shakespeare, "King Henry V.", Act iv. Scene 3.

XXXII

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

(25 OCTOBER, 1415)

Fair stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But, putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And, taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 March'd towards Agincourt
 In happy hout ;

Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stop'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the king sending ;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazèd.
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

And for myself, quoth he,
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lop'd the French lilies.

Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went ;
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scaree such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right droughtly,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day,
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay,
 To England to carry ;
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

Michael Drayton.

XXXIII

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

(From "Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces")

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan-Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel-blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar ;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges :
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended ;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded :
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
 See how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset !

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works".

XXXIV

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

(1530)

Wolsey.—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
 Say—Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;
 And—Prithee, lead me in :

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's ; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Cromwell.—Good sir, have patience.
Wolsey.—The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven So I have. Farewell,
William Shakespeare, "King Henry VIII." Act iii. Scene 3.

V

SONGS OF THE ARMADA

(ELIZABETH II TO CHARLES I.)

*King Philip had vaunted his claims ;
 He had sworn for a year he would sack us ;
 With an army of heathenish names
 He was coming to fagot and stack us ;
 Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
 And shatter our ships on the main ;
 But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
 And where are the galleons of Spain ?*

Austin Dobson, "A Ballad to Queen Elizabeth of the Spanish Armada".

XXXV

THE ARMADA

(JULY 1588)

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
 days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
 Bay ;
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
 isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed

Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day threc hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent;
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
 All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome".

XXXVI

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY

(SEPTEMBER, 1588)

Let them come, come never so proudly,
 O'er the green waves as giants ride ;
 Silver clarions menacing loudly,
 "All the Spains" on their banners wide ;

High on deck of the gilded galleys
 Our light sailors they scorn below :—
 We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
 Till their flag hauls down to their foe !
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
 God save Elizabeth !

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
 Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,
 Lords and Princes by Philip's favour ;—
 We by birthright are noble born !
 Freemen born of the blood of freemen :
 Sons of Crecy and Flodden are we !
 We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them ;
 English boats on an English sea !
 And our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
 God save Elizabeth !

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
 Hang like wasps by the Flagships tower'd,
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak !
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
 Giant galleons, canvas wide !
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
 God save Elizabeth !

Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd ?
 Have His tempests smote them in scorn ?
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn ?

We were as lions hungry for battle ;
 God has made our battle His own !
 God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd them :
 Give the glory to Him alone !
 While our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
 God save Elizabeth !

Francis Turner Palgrave, "The Visions of England".

XXXVII

DAVID GWYNN'S STORY OF HOW HE AND THE GOLDEN SKELETON CRIPPLED THE GREAT ARMADA SAILING OUT

(From "*Christmas at the Mermaid*")

"A galley lie" they called my tale ; but he
 Whose talk is with the deep kens mighty tales.
 The man, I say, who helped to keep you free
 Stands here, a truthful son of truthful Wales.
 Slandered by England as a loose-lipped liar,
 Banished from Ireland, branded rogue and thief,
 Here stands that Gwynn whose life of torments dire
 Heaven sealed for England, sealed in blood and fire—
 Stands asking here Truth's one reward, belief !

And Spain shall tell, with pallid lips of dread,
 This tale of mine—shall tell, in future days,
 How Gwynn, the galley-slave, once fought and bled
 For England when she moved in perilous ways ;
 But say, ye gentlemen of England, sprung
 From loins of men whose ghosts have still the sea—
 Doth England—she who loves the loudest tongue—
 Remember mariners whose deeds are sung
 By waves where flowed their blood to keep her free ?

I see—I see ev'n now—those ships of Spain
 Gathered in Tagus' mouth to make the spring ;
 I feel the cursed oar, I toil again,
 And trumpets blare, and priests and choir-boys sing ;
 And morning strikes with many a crimson shaft,
 Through ruddy haze, four galleys rowing out—
 Four galleys built to pierce the English craft,
 Each swivel-gunned for raking fore and aft,
 Snouted like sword-fish, but with iron snout.

And one we call the *Princess*, one the *Royal*,
Diana one ; but 'tis the fell *Basana*
 Where I am toiling, Gwynn, the true, the loyal,
 Thinking of mighty Drake and Gloriana ;
 For by their help Hope whispers me that I—
 Whom ten hours' daily travail at a stretch
 Has taught how sweet a thing it is to die—
 May strike once more where flags of England fly,
 Strike for myself and many a haggard wretch.

True sorrow knows a tale it may not tell :
 Again I feel the lash that tears my back ;
 Again I hear mine own blaspheming yell,
 Answered by boatswain's laugh and scourge's crack ;
 Again I feel the pang when trying to choke
 Rather than drink the wine, or chew the bread
 Wherewith, when rest for meals would break the stroke,
 They cram our mouths while still we sit at yoke ;
 Again is Life, not Death, the shape of dread.

By Finisterre there comes a sudden gale,
 And mighty waves assault our trembling galley
 With blows that strike her waist as strikes a flail,
 And soldiers cry, "What saint shall bid her rally ?"
 Some slaves refuse to row, and some implore
 The Dons to free them from the metal tether
 By which their limbs are locked upon the oar ;
 Some shout, in answer to the billows' roar,
 "The Dons and we will drink brine-wine together".

"Bring up the slave," I hear the captain cry,

"Who sank the golden galleon *El Dorado*,

The dog can steer."

"Here sits the dog," quoth I,

"Who sank the ship of Commodore Medrado!"

With hell-lit eyes, blistered by spray and rain,

Standing upon the bridge, saith he to me:

"Hearken, thou pirate—bold Medrado's bane!—

Freedom and gold are thine, and thanks of Spain,

If thou canst take the galley through this sea."

"Ay! Ay!" quoth I. The fools unlock me straight!

And then 'tis I give orders to the Don,

Laughing within to hear the laugh of Fate,

Whose winning game I know hath just begun.

I mount the bridge when dies the last red streak

Of evening, and the moon seems faint for night.

Oh then I see beneath the galley's beak

A glow like Spanish auto's ruddy reek—

Oh then these eyes behold a wondrous sight!

A skeleton, but yet with living eyes—

A skeleton, but yet with bones like gold—

Squats on the galley-beak, in wondrous wise,

And round his brow, of high imperial mould,

A burning circle seems to shake and shine,

Bright, fiery bright, with many a living gem,

Throwing a radiance o'er the foam-lit brine:

"'Tis God's Revenge," methinks. "Heaven sends for sign

That bony shape—that Inca's diadem."

At first the sign is only seen of me,

But well I know that God's Revenge hath come

To strike the Armada, set old ocean free,

And cleanse from stain of Spain the beauteous foam.

Quoth I, "How fierce soever be the levin

Spain's hand can hurl—made mightier still for wrong

By that great Scarlet One whose hills are seven—

Yea, howsoever Hell may scoff at Heaven—

Stronger than Hell is God, though Hell is strong."

"The dog can steer," I laugh ; "yea, Drake's men know
How sea-dogs hold a ship to Biscay waves."

Ah ! when I bid the soldiers go below,
Some 'neath the hatches, some beside the slaves,
And bid them stack their muskets all in piles
Beside the foremast, covered by a sail,
The captives guess my plan—I see their smiles
As down the waist the cozened troop defiles,
Staggering and stumbling landsmen, faint and pale.

I say, they guess my plan—to send beneath
The soldiers to the benches where the slaves
Sit, armed with eager nails and eager teeth—
Hate's nails and teeth more keen than Spanish glaives,
Then wait until the tempest's waxing might
Shall reach its fiercest, mingling sea and sky,
Then seize the key, unlock the slaves, and smite
The sea-sick soldiers in their helpless plight,
Then bid the Spaniards pull at oar or die.

Past Ferrol Bay each galley 'gins to stoop,
Shuddering before the Biscay demon's breath.
Down goes a prow—down goes a gaudy poop :
"The Don's *Diana* bears the Don to death,"
Quoth I, "and see the *Princess* plunge and wallow
Down purple trough, o'er snowy crest of foam :
See ! See ! the *Royal*, how she tries to follow
By many a glimmering crest and shimmering hollow,
Where gull and petrel scarcely dare to roam".

Now three queen-galleys pass Cape Finisterre ;
The Armada, dreaming but of ocean-storms,
Thinks not of mutineers with shoulders bare,
Chained, bloody-wealed and pale, on galley-forms,
Each rower murmuring o'er my whispered plan,
Deep-burnt within his brain in words of fire,
"Rise, every man, to tear to death his man—
Yea, tear as only galley-captives can,
When God's Revenge sings loud to ocean's lyre."

Taller the spectre grows 'mid ocean's din ;

The captain sees the Skeleton and pales :

I give the sign : the slaves cry, " Ho for Gwynn ! "

" Teach them," quoth I, " the way we grip in Wales. "

And, leaping down where hateful boatswains shake,

I win the key—let loose a storm of slaves :

" When captives hold the whip, let drivers quake,"

They cry ; " sit down, ye Dons, and row for Drake,

Or drink to England's Queen in foaming waves".

We leap adown the hatches ; in the dark

We stab the Dons at random, till I see

A spark that trembles like a tinder-spark,

Waxing and brightening, till it seems to be

A fleshless skull, with eyes of joyful fire :

Then, lo ! a bony shape with lifted hands—

A bony mouth that chants an anthem dire,

O'ertopping groans, o'ertopping Ocean's quire—

A skeleton with Inca's diadem stands !

It sings the song I heard an Indian sing,

Chained by the ruthless Dons to burn at stake,

When priests of Tophet chanted in a ring,

Sniffing man's flesh at roast for Christ His sake.

The Spaniards hear : they see : they fight no more ;

They cross their foreheads, but they dare not speak.

Anon the spectre, when the strife is o'er,

Melts from the dark, then glimmers as before,

Burning upon the conquered galley's beak.

And now the moon breaks through the night, and shows

The *Royal* bearing down upon our craft—

Then comes a broadside close at hand, which strows

Our deck with bleeding bodies fore and aft.

I take the helm ; I put the galley near :

We grapple in silver sheen of moonlit surge.

Amid the *Royal's* din I laugh to hear

The curse of many a British mutineer,

The crack, crack, crack of boatswain's biting scourge.

"Ye scourge in vain," quoth I, "scourging for life
 Slaves who shall row no more to save the Don";
 For from the *Royal's* poop, above the strife,
 Their captain gazes at our Skeleton!

"What! is it thou, Pirate of *El Dorado*?"

He shouts in English tongue. And there, behold!
 Stands he, the devil's commodore, Medrado.

"Ay! ay!" quoth I, "Spain owes me one strappado
 For scuttling Philip's ship of stolen gold."

"I come for that strappado now," quoth I.

"What means yon thing of burning bones?" he saith.

"'Tis God's Revenge cries 'Bloody Spain shall die!'

The king of El Dorado's name is Death.

Strike home, ye slaves, your hour is coming swift,

I cry; "strong hands are stretched to save you now;
 Show yonder spectre you are worth the gift."

But when the *Royal*, captured, rides adrift,

I look: the skeleton hath left our prow.

When all are slain, the tempest's wings have fled,

But still the sea is dreaming of the storm:

Far down the offing glows a spot of red,

My soul knows well it hath that Inca's form.

"It lights," quoth I, "the red cross banner of Spain

There on the flagship where Medina sleeps—

Hell's banner, wet with sweat of Indians' pain,

And tears of women yoked to treasure train,

Scarlet of blood for which the New World weeps.

There on the dark the flagship of the Don

To me seems luminous of the spectre's glow;

But soon an arc of gold, and then the Sun,

Rise o'er the reddening billows, proud and slow;

Then, through the curtains of the morning mist,

That take all shifting colours as they shake,

I see the great Armada coil and twist

Miles, miles along the ocean's amethyst,

Like an enormous, rainbow-tinted snake.

And, when the hazy veils of Morn are thinned,
 That snake accursed, with wings which swell and puff
 Before the slackening horses of the wind,
 Turns into shining ships that tack and luff.
 "Behold," quoth I, "their floating citadels,
 The same the priests have vouch'd for musket-proof,
 Caracks and hulks and nimble caravels,
 That sailed with us to sound of Lisbon bells,—
 Yea, sailed from Tagus' mouth, for Christ's behoof.

For Christ's behoof they sailed : see how they go
 With that red skeleton to show the way
 There sitting on Medina's stem aglow—
 A hundred sail and forty-nine, men say ;
 Behold them, brothers, galleon and gallasse—
 Their dizened turrets bright of many a plume,
 Their gilded poops, their shining guns of brass,
 Their trucks, their flags—behold them, how they pass—
 With God's Revenge for figurehead—to Doom !"

*Theodore Watts-Dunton, "The Coming of Love,
 and other poems".*

XXXVIII

IVRY

(*A Song of the Huguenots*)

(4 MARCH, 1590)

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
 land of France !
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
 daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ill, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy
 walls annoy.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war ;

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,

To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King ! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
 rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
 crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guid-
 ing star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.
 Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
 his rein.
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is
 slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
 gale ;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
 cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to
 man.
 But out spake gentle Henry, " No Frenchman is my foe :
 " Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
 go."
 Oh ! was there ever such a knight in friendship or in war,
 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?
 Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
 to-day ;
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
 But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
 And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false
 Lorraine.
 Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may
 know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought
 His Church such woe.
 Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
 point of war,
 Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
 return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
 men's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
 bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
 night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
 the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
 brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

Lord Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome".

VI

CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD

*"Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all."*

"Hamlet," iv. 8.

*"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield."*

John Milton, "Paradise Lost," Book I.

*"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings."*

James Shirley, "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses".

*"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;*

*Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."*

Andrew Marvell, "Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland".

XXIX

**THE CAVALIERS' MARCH TO LONDON
ARRIVED**
(November, 1642)

To horse ! to horse ! brave Cavalier !
 To horse for Church and Crown :
 Strike, strike your tents, match up your spears,
 And ho for London town !
 The imperial harlot, down'd a prey
 To our avenging fires,
 Sends up the voice of her dismay
 From all her hatched spikes.

The Strand resounds with maidens' shrieks,
 The Tinge with merchants' sighs,
 And blushing stand on bairn cheeks,
 And tears in iron eyes ;
 And, pale with fating and with flight,
 Each Puritan Committee
 Hath runn'd forth to pray'r and fight
 The Roundheads of the city,

And soon shall London's sentries hear
 The thunder of our drum,
 And London's dames, in wilder fear,
 Shall cry, " Alack ! they come ! "
 Fling the facines ;—tear up the spikes ;
 And forward, one and all,
 Down, down with all their trained-hand pikes,
 Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter ?—Foul fall your whining noise,
 Ye recreant spawn of fraud !
 No quarter ! Think on Stratford, boys.
 No quarter ! Think on Laud.
 What ho ! The craven slaves retire,
 On ! Trample them to mud,
 No quarter !—Charge, —No quarter !—Fire,
 No quarter !—Blood !—Blood !—Blood !

THE MARCH TO LONDON.

Where next? In sooth there lacks no witch,
 Brave lads, to tell us where:
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,
 Her daughters wondrous fair:
 And let that dastard be the theme
 Of many a Board's derision,
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
 Of any sweet Precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,
 Sworn foes to throne and steeple,
 From an unwonted pulpit now
 Shall edify the people:
 Till the tired hangman, in despair,
 Shall curse the blunted shears,
 And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,
 Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,
 The City's grave recorder,
 And on the den of thieves we'll fall,
 Though Pym should speak to order.
 In vain the lank-haired gang shall try
 To cheat our martial law;
 In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry
 That strangers must withdraw.

Of Bench and Woolsack, tub and Chair,
 We'll build a glorious pyre,
 And tons of rebel parchment there
 Shall crackle in the fire.
 With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
 Petition, psalm, and libel,
 The Colonel's canting muster-roll,
 The Chaplain's dog-eared bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze
 Where England's pest expires,
 And lead along the dance's maze
 The beauties of the Friars:

Then smiles in every face shall shine,
 And joy in every soul.
 Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
 And crown the largest bowl.
 And as with nod and laugh ye sip
 The goblet's rich carnation,
 Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
 The wink of invitation ;
 Drink to those names—those glorious names,
 Those names no time shall sever,—
 Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,
 Our Church and King for ever !

Lord Macaulay, "Poetical Works".

XL

CAVALIER TUNES

MARCHING ALONG

(From "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics")

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pastry, nor bite take nor sup
 Till you're (Chorus) marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent earles !
 Hold by the right, you double your might ;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.

(Chorus) *March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
 King Charles !

Who gave me the goods that went since ?
 Who raised me the house that sank once ?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since ?
 Who found me in wine you drank once ?

(Chorus) *King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
 King Charles !*

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him ?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

(Chorus) *King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
 King Charles !*

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
 Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

(Chorus) *" Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! "*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 " God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay,

(Chorus) *" Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! "*

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
 (Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude ; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, " Nay !
 " I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ? "

(Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"
Robert Browning, "Poetical Works".

XLI

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS (ABOUT 1645)

(From "Lucasta : Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc.")

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,—
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace, "Poems".

XLII

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

(BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-IN-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT OF IRETON'S REGIMENT.—
 14 JUNE, 1645)

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
 And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye
 tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage which we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the
strong,

Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses
shine;

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long exten^{ed}ed
hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the
Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,

The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a
shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Law!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,

His bravoes of Alsacia, and pages of Whitehall;

They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes—close
your ranks;

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here!—They rush on! We are broken—We are
gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast,
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:

Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on
our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he,
boys!—

Bear up another minute! brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
 Like a whirlwind on the forest, like a deluge on the dykes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;
 And he—he turns, he flies ; shame on those cruel eyes
 That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,
 First give another stab to make your guest secure,
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
 Lockets,
 The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts
 Were gay and bold,
 When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;
 And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the
 rocks,
 Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell
 And fate,
 And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
 Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
 Your stage-plays, and your sonnets, your diamonds and
 Your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown,
 With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the
 Pope ;
 There is woe in Oxford halls ; there is wail in Durham's
 stalls !
 The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
 sword ;

And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they
 hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and
 the Word.

Lord Macaulay, "Poetical Works".

XLIII

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

(21 MAY, 1650)

i

Come hither, Evan Cameron !
 Come, stand beside my knee—
 I hear the river roaring down
 Towards the wintry sea.
 There's shouting on the mountain-side,
 There's war within the blast—
 Old faces look upon me,
 Old forms go trooping past :
 I hear the pibroch wailing
 Amidst the din of fight,
 And my dim spirit wakes again
 Upon the verge of night.

ii

'Twas I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber's snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down
 To battle with Montrose.
 I've told thee how the Southrons fell
 Beneath the broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverlochy's shore.
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsay's pride ;
 But never have I told thee yet
 How the great Marquis died.

iii

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
 O deed of deathless shame !
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's name—
 Be it upon the mountain's side,
 Or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone,
 Or backed by armed men—
 Face him, as thou wouldest face the man
 Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
 Remember of what blood thou art,
 And strike the caitiff down !

iv

They brought him to the Watergate,
 Hard bound with hempen span,
 As though they held a lion there,
 And not a fenceless man.
 They set him high upon a cart—
 The hangman rode below—
 They drew his hands behind his back,
 And bared his noble brow.
 Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
 They cheered, the common throng,
 And blew the note with yell and shout,
 And bade them pass along.

v

It would have made a brave man's heart
 Grow sad and sick that day,
 To watch the keen malignant eyes
 Bent down on that array.
 There stood the Whig west-country lords,
 In balcony and bow ;
 There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
 And their daughters all a-row.
 And every open window
 Was full as full might be
 With black-robed Covenanting carles,
 That goodly sport to see !

vi

But when he came, though pale and wan,
 He looked so great and high,
 So noble was his manly front,
 So calm his steadfast eye ;—
 The rabble rout forbore to shout,
 And each man held his breath,
 For well they knew the hero's soul
 Was face to face with death.
 And then a mournful shudder
 Through all the people crept,
 And some that came to scoff at him
 Now turned aside and wept.

vii

But onwards—always onwards,
 In silence and in gloom,
 The dreary pageant laboured,
 Till it reached the house of doom.
 Then first a woman's voice was heard
 In jeer and laughter loud,
 And an angry cry and a hiss arose
 From the heart of the tossing crowd :
 Then as the Græme looked upwards,
 He saw the ugly smile
 Of him who sold his king for gold—
 The master-fiend Argyle !

viii

The Marquis gazed a moment,
 And nothing did he say,
 But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
 And he turned his eyes away.
 The painted harlot by his side,
 She shook through every limb,
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,
 And hands were clenched at him ;
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
 “ Back, coward, from thy place !
 For seven long years thou hast not dared
 To look him in the face.”

ix

Had I been there with sword in hand,
 And fifty Camerons by,
 That day through high Dunedin's streets
 Had pealed the slogan-cry.
 Not all their troops of trampling horse,
 Nor might of mailed men—
 Not all the rebels in the south
 Had borne us backwards then !
 Once more his foot on Highland heath
 Had trod as free as air,
 Or I, and all who bore my name,
 Been laid around him there !

x

It might not be. They placed him next
 Within the solemn hall,
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
 And perjured traitors filled the place
 Where good men sat before.
 With savage glee came Warristoun
 To read the murderous doom ;
 And then uprose the great Montrose
 In the middle of the room.

xi

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
 That waves above us there—
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
 And oh, that such should be !—
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies 'twixt you and me—
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown,
 Nor dared I hope on my dying day
 To win the martyr's crown !

xii

" There is a chamber far away
 Where sleep the good and brave,
 But a better place ye have named for me
 Than by my father's grave.
 For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
 This hand hath always striven,
 And ye raise it up for a witness still
 In the eye of earth and heaven.
 Then nail my head on yonder tower—
 Give every town a limb—
 And God who made shall gather them :
 I go from you to Him ! "

xiii

The morning dawned full darkly,
 The rain came flashing down,
 And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
 Lit up the gloomy town :
 The thunder crashed across the heaven,
 The fatal hour was come ;
 Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,
 The 'larum of the drum.
 There was madness on the earth below
 And anger in the sky,
 And young and old, and rich and poor,
 Came forth to see him die.

xiv

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder and the tree !
 Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 " He is coming ! he is coming !
 God's mercy on his soul ! "
 One last long peal of thunder—
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

xv

"He is coming ! he is coming !"

Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison

To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,

There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle

More proudly than to die :
There was colour in his visage,

Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man !

xvi

He mounted up the scaffold,

And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,

So he might not speak aloud.

But he looked upon the heavens,

And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether

The eye of God shone through !

Yet a black and murky battlement

Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—

All else was calm and still.

xvii

The grim Geneva ministers

With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock

Around the dying deer.

He would not deign them word nor sign,

But alone he bent the knee ;

And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace

Beneath the gallows-tree.

Then radiant and serene he rose,

And cast his cloak away :

For he had ta'en his latest look

Of earth and sun and day.

xviii

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shiven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder-roll ;
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death was done !

William Edmonstoune Aytoun, "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers".

XLIV

BONNY DUNDEE

(From "The Doom of Devorgoil")

(1689)

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be
 broke ;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee !
 Come, fill up my cup ; come, fill up my can ;
 Come, saddle your horses, and call up your men ;
 Come, open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be ;
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee !"

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
 But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
 Thinking "Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !"

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
 As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged ;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
 As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hasted gullies to kill Cavaliers ;
 But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was free
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :—
 “ Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or
 three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes ;
 “ Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth ;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the
 north ;
 There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
 Will cry ‘ hoigh ’ for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !

“ There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide ;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;
 The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee !

“ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
 Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox ;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee :
 You have not seen the last of my bonnets and me.”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

And a cry of exultation
 From the bearded warriors rose ;
 For we loved the house of Claver'se,
 And we thought of good Montrose.
 But he raised his hand for silence—
 “ Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
 Ere the evening star shall glisten
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph,
 Or another of the Graemes
 Shall have died in battle-harness
 For his Country and King James !
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—
 Think of what his race endure—
 Think of him whom butchers murdered
 On the field of Magus Muir :—
 By his sacred blood I charge ye,
 By the ruined hearth and shrine—
 By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
 By your injuries and mine—
 Strike this day as if the anvil
 Lay beneath your blows the while,
 Be they covenanting traitors,
 Or the brood of false Argyle !
 Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;
 Let them tell their pale Convention
 How they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honour
 Is not to be bought nor sold,
 That we scorn their prince's anger
 As we loathe his foreign gold.
 Strike ! and when the fight is over,
 If ye look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest,
 Search for him that was Dundee ! ”

iii

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
 With our answer to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.

For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
 Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
 And they harder drew their breath ;
For their souls were strong within them,
 Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe :
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer
 When they scented the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck of drum.
Through the scattered wood of birches,
 O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly
 Till they gained the plain beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert—
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
 Start to life with armed men !
Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept a hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Maedonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Locheil !
Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.

Horse and man went down before us—
 Living see their tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done !

iv

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer :
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Graeme !

v

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest !
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race,
 Who would rather die unsullied
 Than outlive the land's disgrace !
 O thou lion-hearted warrior !
 Reck not of the after-time :
 Honour may be deemed dishonour,
 Loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,
 Hands that never failed their country,
 Hearts that never baseness knew.

Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain than our own Dundee!

William Edmonstone Aytoun, "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers".

XLVI

WILLY GILLILAND

(*An Ulster Ballad*)

(1679 or 1680)

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of Church
 and King,
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
 he hath;
 So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,
 And his smoking roostree testifies they've done their errand
 well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land;
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand;
 His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his
 head,
 A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead!
 And so on moor and mountain, from the Lagan to the
 Bann,
 From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed
 man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
 He staid his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side;
 There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den—
 Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill-fox then!
 With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream, by
 day:
 At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny mare
 he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
 Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
 For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
 But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see ;
 From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
 Save where, in many a silver coil, the river glanced be-
 tween.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning
 grey,
 He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer
 day :
 Ah ! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from
 dawn,
 And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care
 had gone,
 Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools and
 streams,
 Where he that day his cares forgot in those delightful
 dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
 And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his
 brow ;
 And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
 He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God ;
 And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
 And against a godless Church and king, he spoke up loud
 and clear.

And now, upon his homeward way, he crossed the Collon
 high,
 And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his
 eye ;
 And all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,
 The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the
 braes—
 When suddenly shot up a blaze—from the cave's mouth it
 came,
 And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the
 same !

He crouched among the heather, and he saw them as he lay,
 With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away ;
 Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
 For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used to be,
 And, stretched among the prickly coomb, his heart's blood smoking round,
 From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his good greyhound !

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines ! they've ta'en my bonny mare !"—

He plunged into the smoky hole—no bonny beast was there ;

He groped beneath his burning bed (it burned him to the bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none ;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
 And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his moan—

"I am a houseless outcast ; I have neither bed nor board,
 Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the Lord.
 Yet many a time were better men in worse extremity :
 Who succoured them in their distress, He now will succour me ;

He now will succour me I know : and, by His holy name,
 I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the same !

"My bonny mare ! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,

And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind ;

And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank,
 I swear,

Episcopalian towel shall never ruffle hair !

Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this."

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he spoke,
 And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain
 he broke ;
 The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
 But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
 He ground the sharp spear to a point; then pulled his bonnet down,
 And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall, and Carrick castle grey,
 And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way;
 And to the North-gate sentinel displayeth far and near
 Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,
 Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
 Is peering from the ivy-green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall, and Carrick Castle old,
 And all the western buttresses have changed their grey for gold;
 And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas, the pilgrim of the sky
 Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal votary;
 But, as his last red glance he takes down past black Slieve-a-true
 He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill,
 Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still!
 And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show
 Prick jeering grooms and burghers blythe, and troopers in a row;
 But one has little care for jest, so hard bested is he
 To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is she !

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan;
 The iron and the hickory are through and through him
 gone !

He lies a corpse ; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,
 And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and
 rein ;

Then, some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and
 run amain

But sword and gun, and whip and spur that day they plied
 in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry side
 Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary ride,
 That where he lay like hunted brute, a cavern'd outlaw
 lone,

Broad lands and yeomen tenantry should yet be there his
 own ;

Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
 Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Free-
 dom too.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, "Lays of the Western Gaol".

XLVII

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

(1688)

A good sword and a trusty hand !

A merry heart and true !

King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?

And shall Trelawny die ?

Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,

A merry wight was he :

" If London Tower were Michael's hold
 We'll set Trelawny free !

A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,—
 With "one and all," and hand in hand,
 And who shall bid us nay ?

"And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view,
 Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all !
 Here's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawny he may die ;
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why !"

Robert Stephen Hawker, "Poems".

XLVIII

A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD, OR THE BURSTING OF THE GUNS

(10, 11 AUGUST, 1690)

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon ;
 To mass went he at half-past three,
 And at four he crossed the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
 Old fields of victory ran on ;
 And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's towers
 Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he cross'd the ford,
 And couch'd in the wood and waited ;
 Till, left and right, on march'd in sight
 That host which the true men hated.

"Charge !" Sarsfield cried ; and the green hill side
 As they charged replied in thunder ;
 They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er the slain,
 And the rebel rout lay under.

The spark flash'd out—like a sailor's shout
The sound into heaven ascended ;
The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,
And the thunders twain were blended !

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon ;—
A century after, Sarsfield's laughter
Was echoed from Dungannon.

Aubrey de Vere, "Inisfall".

VII

ENGLAND AND EUROPE

(FROM CREMONA TILL AFTER WATERLOO)

*Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.*

Byron, "Ode to Napoleon".

*When lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And parsons practise what they preach ;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town.*

Old Song.

XLIX

CREMONA

(1702)

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall ;
The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall ;
They have marched from far away
Ere the dawning of the day,
And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh,
Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Dupr s ;
They have crept up every street,
In the market-place they meet,
They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed ;
 The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head ;
 “ I have lost my men ! ” quoth he,
 “ And my men they have lost me,
 And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona ”.

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place ;
 Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face ;
 Says he, “ Our work is done,
 For the Citadel is won,
 And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona ”.

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,
 And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there ;
 Says he “ Come in your shirt,
 And you wont take any hurt,
 For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona ”.

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,
 And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait ;
 There's Dillon and there's Burke,
 And there'll be some bloody work
 Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,
 And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport ;
 “ Come take a hand ! ” says he,
 “ And if you will stand by me,
 Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona ! ”

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,
 And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race :
 “ MacDonnell, ride, I pray,
 To your countrymen, and say,
 That only they are left in all Cremona ! ”

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dyke,
 And he has tied the parley flag upon a serjeant's pike ;
 Six companies were there,
 From Limerick and Clare,
 The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,
 Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late ;
 For when I gallop back,
 'Tis the signal for attack,
 And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona ! "

And Major Dan he laughed : " Faith, if what you say be true,
 And if they will not come until they hear again from you,
 Then there will be no attack,
 For you're never going back,
 And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona ".

All the weary day the German stormers came,
 All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame,
 They have filled the ditch with dead,
 And the river's running red ;
 But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,
 The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,
 Taafe and Herberstein,
 And the riders of the Rhine ;
 It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthing German roar,
 Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore ;
 For better men were there
 From Limerick and Clare,
 And who will take the gateway of Cremona ?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip ;
 Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip :
 " Call off ! Call off ! " he cried,
 " It is nearing eventide,
 And I fear our work is finished in Cremona ".

Says Wauchop to McAuliffe, " Their fire is growing slack ".
 Says Major Dan O'Mahony, " It is their last attack ;
 But who will stop the game
 While there's light to play the same,
 And to walk a short way with them from Cremona ? "

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come;

They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken Diak's drum;

And along the winding Po,

Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,

The Kaiserlies are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall;

Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call;

But what's the odds of that,

For it's all the same to Pat

If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vandray, " You've done a soldier's work !

And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of Burke !

" Ask what you will this day,

And be it what it may,

It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

" Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, " one favour we entreat,
We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete.

We've no quarrel with the shirt,

But the breeches wouldn't hurt,

For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, " Songs of Action".

L

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

(From " *Ballads and Metrical Pieces* ")

(13 AUGUST, 1704)

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun ;

And by him sported on the green

His little grandchild Wilhelmine..

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found :
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory !

"I find them in the garden, for
 There's many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out ;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in the great victory !"

"Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "That put the French to rout ;
 But what they killed each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory !

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly :
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide ;
 And many a chilidg mother then
 And new-born baby died.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good prince Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine,
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory !

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory!"

Robert Southey, "Poetical Works."

LII

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

(From "*Tales of a Wayside Inn*," Part I)

(18 April, 1775)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
 Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
 One, if by land, and two, if by sea :
 And I on the opposite shore will be,
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 Through every Middlesex village and farm,
 For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar,
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
 The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
 A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
 Across the moon like a prison bar,
 And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,
 Till in the silence around him he hears
 The muster of men at the barrack-door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
 Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 To the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 Where highest window in the wall,
 A moment he paused to listen and look down
 And thence on the roofs of the town,
 Beneath, moonlight flowing over all.
 In their nig^{ht} the churchyard, lay the dead
 Wrapped in silent encampment on the hill,
 Silence so deep and still

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till, full on his sight,
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;

And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door;
 And a word that shall echo for evermore !
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".

LII

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

(3 DECEMBER, 1800)

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens : On, ye brave !
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

Thomas Campbell, "Poetical Works".

LIII

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

(2 APRIL, 1801)

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death ;
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleeter rush'd

O'er the deadly space between.

"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun!

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom!

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save!
So peace, instead of death, let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light—
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,

Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou !
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

Thomas Campbell, "Poetical Works".

LIV

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

(From "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty")

(1802)

Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice.
 They were thy chosen music, liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven.
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
 Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

William Wordsworth, "Poetical Works".

LV

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

(1805)

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft,
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest ; thou art weary and worn ;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell, "Poetical Works".

LVI

TRAFAVGAR

(21 OCTOBER, 1805)

Heard ye the thunder of battle
 Low in the South and afar ?
 Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
 Crimson o'er Trafalgar ?

Such another day never
 England will look on again,
 When the battle fought was the hottest,
 And the hero of heroes was slain !

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain were gather'd
 for fight,
 A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada in might :—
 And the sails were aloft once more in the deep Gaditanian
 bay,
 Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great *Trinidad*
 lay,
 Eager-reluctant to close ; for across the bloodshed to be
 Two navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the throne of the
 sea !
 Which were bravest, who should tell ? for both were gallant
 and true ;
 But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that sail'd o'er
 the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied : they knew not Nelson was
 there ;
 His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of despair.
 From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the coast,
 Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they now must fight,
 or be lost ;—
 Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Midland sheltering
 sea,
 For he headed the Admirals round, constraining them under
 his lee,
 Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain, so they shifted
 their ground,
 They could choose, they were more than we ;—and they
 faced at Trafalgar round ;
 Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall thirty-tower'd ;
 In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark *Trinidad*
 lower'd.
 So with those.—But meanwhile, as against some dyke that
 men massively rear,
 From on high the torrent surges, to drive through the dyke
 as a spear,

Eagle-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief sets his double array,

Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe, any way, . . .

"Anyhow!—without orders, each captain his Frenchman may grapple perforce :

Collingwood first" (yet the *Victory* ne'er a whit slacken'd her course)

"Signal for action! Farewell! we shall win, but we meet not again!"

Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the decks o'er the main,

And on,—as the message from masthead to masthead flew out like a flame,

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY"—they came.

Silent they come:—While the thirty black forts of the foemen's array

Clothe them in billowy snow, tier spreading o'er tier as they lay;

Flashes that came and went, as swords when the battle is rife;

But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for death as for life.

O in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter embrace,

Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England; some glance of some face!

—Faces gazing seaward through tears from the ocean-girt shore;

Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till the death pang is o'er. . . .

Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and all his great heart

As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved one, who bade him depart;

O not for death but glory! her smile would welcome him home!

Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall—and silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion whom hunters attack,
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing them
back;

So between Spaniard and Frenchman the Victory wedged
with a shout,

Gun against gun; a cloud from her decks, and lightning
went out;

Iron hailings of pitiless death from the sulphury smoke;
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from invisible stroke.
Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell smitten
around,

As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-shattered,
besplinters the ground:—

Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe as he lay;
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was Nelson
that day.

"She has struck!" he shouted; "she burns, the *Redoubt-
able!* Save whom we can,

Silence our guns:" for in him the woman was great in the
man,

In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,
Dying by those he spared; and now Death's triumph was
sure!

From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and the foe set
his rifle in rest,

Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth with the stars
on his breast,—

"In honour I gain'd them, in honour I die with them,"
Then in his place

Fell. . . . "Hardy! 'tis over; but let them not know;"
and he cover'd his face.

Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to the twilight
below;

And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe struck
his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose; and for Hardy, the faithful, he
cried in his pain—

"How he goes the day with us, Hardy?"—"Tis ours." Then
Not in vain, not in vain
left he for his comrades and England he bled: how he
secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example endure.

O, like a lover he loved her !—for her as water he pours Life-blood and life and love; given all for her sake and for ours !

“Kiss me, Hardy !—Thank God !—I have done my duty !”
and then

Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men.

Hear ye the heart of a nation
Groan, for her saviour is gone ;
Gallant and true and tender,
Child and chieftain in one ?
Such another day never
England will weep for again,
When the triumph darken'd the triumph,
And the hero of heroes was slain.

Francis Turner Palgrave, “The Visions of England”.

LVII

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

(16 JANUARY, 1809)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe, "Remains".

LVIII

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

(1809)

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro')—
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him !" The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 "You're wounded !" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, Sire !" And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning, "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics".

LIX

THE MAMELUKE CHARGE

Let the Arab courser go
 Headlong on the silent foe ;
 Their plumes may shine like mountain snow,
 Like fire their iron tubes may glow,

Their cannon death on death may throw,
 Their pomp, their pride, their strength, we know,
 But—let the Arab courser go.

The Arab horse is free and bold,
 His blood is noble from of old,
 Through dams, and sires, many a one,
 Up to the steed of Solomon.
 He needs no spur to rouse his ire,
 His limbs of beauty never tire ;
 Then, give the Arab horse the rein,
 And their dark squares will close in vain.
 Though loud the death-shot peal, and louder,
 He will only neigh the prouder ;
 Though nigh the death-flash glare, and nigher,
 He will face the storm of fire ;
 He will leap the mound of slain,
 Only let him have the rein.
 The Arab horse will not shrink back,
 Though death confront him in his track ;
 The Arab horse will not shrink back,
 And shall his rider's arm be slack ?
 No !—By the God who gave us life,
 Our souls are ready for the strife.
 We need no serried lines, to show
 A gallant bearing to the foe.
 We need no trumpet to awake
 The thirst, which blood alone can slake.
 What is it that can stop our course,
 Free riders of the Arab horse ?
 Go—brave the desert wind of fire ;
 Go—beard the lightning's look of ire ;
 Drive back the ravening flames, which leap
 In thunder from the mountain steep ;
 But dream not, men of fifes and drums,
 To stop the Arab when he comes :
 Not tides of fire, not walls of rock,
 Could shield you from that earthquake shock.
 Come, brethren, come, too long we stay,
 The shades of night have rolled away,

Too fast the golden moments fleet,
 Charge, ere another pulse has beat ;
 Charge—like the tiger on the fawn,
 Before another breath is drawn.

*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, "The Return
 of the Guards".*

LX

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto III.)

(18 JUNE, 1815)

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

* * * * *

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And, when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs—
 Which ne'er might be repeated ! Who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! they come, they
 come ! "

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose—
 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
 And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure ; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;
 The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

Lord Byron, "Poetical Works".

LXI

THE ISLES OF GREECE

(From "Don Juan," Canto III.)

The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung ?
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Seian and the Telian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse :
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds that echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest".

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea :
 And, musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
 And ships by thousands lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day,
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must we but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What ! silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, “ Let one living head,
 But one, arise—we come, we come ! ”
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will—not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells :
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine :

But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :

There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

Lord Byron, "Poetical Works"

VIII

THE FIELDS OF THE CRIMEA

*The peace, that I deem'd no peace is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress, flame
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.*

Lord Tennyson, "Maud".

*The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the
fight!"*

Lord Tennyson, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava".

*Tell the great tidings, they went forth that day
A Legion, and came back from victory
Two hundred men and glory!*

Sydney Dobell, "Cavalry Charge at Balaclava."

LXII

ALMA

(From "Poems Written During the Russian War")

(20 SEPTEMBER, 1854)

Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy
waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the
sea.

Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar
known,
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners
blown.

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower,
and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine ;

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—

"He has passed from us, the loved one ; but he sleeps with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."

Yes, in the days far onward, when we all are calm as those,
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,

Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold :

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done,
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.

O thou river ! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

Richard Cherenix Trench, "Poems".

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(From "Maud," and other Poems)

(25 OCTOBER, 1854)

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns ! " he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade ! "
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd :
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well ;
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :

Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Lest of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade.
 Noble six hundred !

Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".

LXIV

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER AT INKERMANN

(1854)

'Twas Midnight ere our Guns' loud laugh at their wild work
 did cease,
 And by the smouldering fires of War we lit the pipe of
 peace.
 At Four, a burst of Bells went up through Night's Cathedral
 dark,
 It seemed so like our Sabbath Chimes, we could but wake,
 and hark !

So like the Bells that call to prayer in the dear land far away ;
Their music floated on the air, and kissed us—to betray.
Our Camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a cloud,
Its very heart of life stood still i' the Mist that brought its shroud ;
For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled His smile to see
How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came up through the mirk—
Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of the Turk !
While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely slept,
Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and up the hill-side crept.
In the Ruins of the Valley do the Birds of Carnage stir ?
A creaking in the gloom like wheels ! feet trample—bullets whir—
By God ! the Foe is on us ! Now the Bugles with a start
Thrill—like the cry of a wrongèd Queen—to the red roots
of the heart ;
And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbbing triumph roll,—
A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering soul.

The war-worn and the weary leaped up ready, fresh, and true !
No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour turned to dew ;
Majestic as a God defied, arose our little Host—
All for the peak of peril pushed—each for the fieriest post !
Thorough mist, and thorough mire, and o'er the hill-brow scowling grim,
As is the frown of Murder when he dreams his dreadful dream.
No Sun ! but none is needed,—Men can feel their way to fight,

Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash and
foam despair

On ranks of rock, and what a prize for the Wrecker Death
was there !

But as 'twere River Pleasance, did our fellows take that
flood,

A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat voluptuous blood :
The Guards went down to the fight in gray that's growing
gory red—

See ! save them, they're surrounded ! Leap your ramparts
of the dead,

And back the desperate battle, for there is but one short
stride

Between the Russ and victory ! One more tug, you true
and tried—

The Red-Caps crest the hill ! with bloody spur, ride,
Bosquet, ride !

Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's burning
tide.

Now, God for Merrie England ery ! Hurrah for France the
Grand,

And charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand to hand !
He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke of Alma's
fray

Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his strength
to-day.

We shout and charge together, and again, again, again,
Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it with the
slain.

Hurrah ! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent
heat ;

Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and fainter
beat.

And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march, as thus
We sound into the glorious goal with shouts victorious !

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at the set
of sun

Stood Conquerors on Inkermann—our Soldiers' Battle won.

That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp of golden grain !

That night the ruddy sheaves were reaped upon the misty plain !

We cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled the shocks of slain :

The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reeled Death's harvest-wain.

We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise that night,

And robes of Immortality our ragged Braves bedight !

They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's lusty pride !

But they made their bed o' the foemen dead, ere they lay down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold and gray,

And thought of those who ranked with us in Battle's rough array,

Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from that fell fray !

The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far away—

The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson bubbles play—

The stern white faces of the Dead that on the dark ground lay

Like Statues of Old Heroes, cut in precious human clay—

Some with a smile as life had stopped to music proudly gay—

The household Gods of many a heart all dark and dumb to-day !

And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes will strain to mark

This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon through the dark !

The Martyrs stir in their red graves, the rusted armour rings

Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the warrior Kings.

To the proud Mother England came the radiant Victory
With Laurels red, and a bitter cup like some last agony.
She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her laurelled brow :

Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she looked so noble now.

The dim divine of distance died—the purpled Past grew wan,

As came that crowning Glory o'er the heights of Inker-mann.

Gerald Massey, "My Lyrical Life," Vol. II.

LXV

SANTA FILOMENA

(From "Birds of Passage. Flight the First")

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And slit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
 Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
 Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Hermie womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomeua bore.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".

IX

"UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE"

(From "Songs in Many Keys" II.)

*Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!*

*Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE.*

*Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honoured afar,
Let thy wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.*

*Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man.
Up with our banner bright, etc.*

*Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when thy sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.*

*Lord of the Universe ! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun !
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE !*

*Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry.—*

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Poetical Works".

LXVI

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

(16 OCTOBER, 1859)

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of might.
There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burn'd down.

Then he grasp'd his trusty rifle and boldly fought for freedom;

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vow'd—so might Heaven help and speed 'em !—

They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us !" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord did aid these men, and they labour'd day
and even,

Saving Kansas from its peril ; and their very lives seem'd
charin'd,
Till the russians kill'd one son, in the blessed light of
Heaven,—

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journey'd all
unarm'd ;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frown'd a terrible
frown !

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of
battle,

But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they loaded
him with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad
their cattle,

Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out
his brains ;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's
vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and
torn him so ;

He would seize it by the vitals ; he would crush it day and
night ; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town !

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue
eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle
from afar ;

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife
wax'd milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckon'd by his fearful glare and
frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes
behind him,

Slipped off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where
to find him,

Or whether he'd turn'd parson, or was jacketed and shorn
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,
and such trifles;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's
rifles;

And eighteen other madmen join'd their leader there
again.

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"Boys! we've got an army large enough to march and take
the town.

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes
and then arm them;

Carry the County and the State, ay! and all the potent
South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise
to harm them—

These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the
warning mouth!"

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John
Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday:

"This good work"—declared the captain—"shall be on a holy night!"—

It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—black and white,

Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

March'd across the bridged Potomac, and knock'd the sentry down;

Took the guarded armoury-building, and the muskets and the cannon;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on, And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;

It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d'état*.

"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and bridges!" said he;

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star:—

This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown;

And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hasten'd
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.

General Brown !

Osawatomie Brown ! !

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring
down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valour of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learn'd that nineteen madmen had the mar-
vellous assurance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them
straight about;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamp'd around the
town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mention'd, was
too risky ;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government
Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls
with Bourbon whiskey,

Till they batter'd down Brown's Castle with their ladders
and machines ;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old
crown.

Tally ho ! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying !

In they rush'd and kill'd the game, shooting lustily away ;
And, whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late
for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay ;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid
him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels ; how they hasten'd
on the trial ;

How Old Brown was placed, half-dying, on the Charles-
town court-house floor ;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial ;
What the brave old madman told them,—these are
known the country o'er.

“ Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown ! ”

Said the judge—“ and all such rebels ! ” with his most
judicial frown.

~~But, Virginians ! don't do it ! for I tell you that the flagon,~~
~~Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first~~
~~pour'd by Southern hands ;~~
~~And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red~~
~~gore of the dragon,~~
~~May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your~~
~~slave-worn lands !~~

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you've nail'd his
coffin down !

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

LXVII

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(1861)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored :

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword :

His truth is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !
Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps :
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps :
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
 His day is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel :
 As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal :
 Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel !
 Since God is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat :
 O, be swift, my soul ! to answer Him ; be jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free !
 While God is marching on.

Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 Glory ! glory, hallelujah !
 His truth is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

LXVIII

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

(From "In War Time")

(1862)

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—

Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde ;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
 When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag!” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word.

“Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel-host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well :

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her!—and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

John Greenleaf Whittier, "Poetical Works".

LXIX

A SIGHT IN CAMP

A sight in camp in the daybreak grey and dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early sleepless,
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air the path near by the
hospital tent!

Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out there,
untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish woollen
blanket,
Grey and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.

Curious I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest,
the first, just lift the blanket;
Who are you elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-
grey'd hair, and flesh all suken about the eyes?
Who are you, my dear comrade?

Then to the second I step—and who are you, my child
and darling?

Who are, you sweet boy, with cheeks yet blooming?

Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm,
as of beautiful yellow-white ivory;
Young man, I think I know you—I think this face is the
face of the Christ himself,
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass".

The moon gives you light,
 And the bugles and the drums give you music,
 And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
 My heart gives you love.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass".

LXXI

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

I see before me now a travelling army halting,
 Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards
 of summer,
 Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places
 rising high,
 Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes
 dingily seen,
 The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some
 away up on the mountain,
 The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-
 sized, flickering,
 And over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of reach,
 studded, breaking out, the eternal stars.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass".

LXXII

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

(1-3 JULY, 1863)

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
 Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!
 Brief is the glory that hero earns,
 Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
 He was the fellow who won renown,—
 The only man who didn't back down
 When the rebels rode through his native town,
 But held his own in the fight next day,
 When all his townsfolk ran away.

That was in July, sixty-three,
 The very day that General Lee,
 Flower of Southern chivalry,
 Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
 From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
 John Burns stood at his cottage door,
 Looking down the village street,
 Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
 He heard the low of his gathered kine,
 And felt their breath with incense sweet.
 Or I might say when the sunset burned
 The old farm gable, he thought it turned
 The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
 Into the milk-pail, red as blood !
 Or how he fancied the hum of bees
 Was bullets buzzing among the trees.
 But all such fanciful thoughts as these
 Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
 Who minded only his own concerns,
 Troubled no more by fancies fine
 Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
 Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
 Slow to argue, but quick to act.
 That was the reason, some folk say,
 He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
 Raged for hours the heady fight,
 Thundered the battery's double bass,—
 Difficult music for men to face ;
 While on the left—where now the graves
 Undulate like the living waves
 That all that day unceasing swept
 Up to the pits the rebels kept—
 Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
 Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;
 Shattered fences here and there
 Tossed their splinters in the air ;
 The very trees were stripped and bare ;

The barns that once held yellow grain
 Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;
 The cattle bellowed on the plain,
 The turkeys screamed with might and main,
 And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
 With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
 Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
 How do you think the man was dressed ?
 He wore an ancient long buff vest,
 Yellow as saffron,—but his best ;
 And buttoned over his manly breast
 Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
 And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
 With tails that the country-folk called “swaller”.
 He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
 White as the locks on which it sat.
 Never had such a sight been seen
 For forty years on the village green,
 Since old John Burns was a country beau,
 And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close to his elbows all that day,
 Veterans of the Peninsula,
 Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
 And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
 Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
 Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
 Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
 And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
 With scraps of a slangy *répertoire* :
 “How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”
 “Your head’s level,” and “Bully for you!”
 Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose
 The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
 And what was the value he set on those ;
 While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
 Stood there picking the rebels off,—
 With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
 And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

Far, far behind him, mountains blue
 In shadowy distance melt ;
 And, far beyond, the dark woods grew
 Where his forefathers dwelt !
 No breathing sound was in the air,
 As, leaning on his bow,
 A lone and weary pilgrim there,
 He murmured stern and low ;

“ Far by Ohio’s mighty river,
 Bright star, I’ve worshipped thee !
 My native stream—its bosom never
 The Red Man more may see ;
 The Pale-face rears his wigwam
 Where our Indian hunters roved ;
 His hatchet fells the forest fair
 Our Indian maidens loved.

“ A thousand warriors bore in war
 The token of my sires :
 On all the hills were seen afar
 Their blazing council-fires !
 The foeman heard their war-whoop shrill,
 And held his breath in fear,
 And in the wood, and on the hill,
 Their arrows pierced the deer.

“ Where are they now ?—the stranger’s tread
 Is on their silent place !
 Yon fading light on me is shed,
 The last of all my race !
 Where are they now ?—In Summer’s light,
 Go, seek the Winter’s snow !
 Forgotten is our name and might,
 And broken is our bow !

“ The White Man came ; his bayonets gleam
 Where Sachems held their sway,
 And, like the shadow of a dream,
 Our tribe has passed away !

X

LATTERDAY FIELDS AND HEROES

Let us now praise famous men.

Ecclesiasticus XLIV. i.

The laugh is Death's.

Alfred Noyes, "In Time of War".

But yet the pity of it, Iago ! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago .

"Othello," IV. i.

LXXIV

BEFORE SEDAN

(*From "Old World Idylls"*)

(1 SEPTEMBER, 1870)

Here, in this leafy place,
 Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies ;
'Tis but another dead,
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves ;
Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves ;
So this man's eye is dim ;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There, at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died;—
 Message or wish, may be;—
 Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled!—
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child;—
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His—her dead father's—kiss;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet.
 That is all. “Marguerite.”

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain!
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain!
 If the grief died;—But no;—
 Death will not have it so.

Austin Dobson, “Collected Poems”.

LXXXV

THE LAST REDOUBT

(*Russo-Turkish War*)

(SEPTEMBER, 1877)

Kacelyevo's slope still felt
 The cannon's bolt and the rifle's pelt;
 For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
 By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard ;
 His lips were clenched and his look was weird ;
 Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
 Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried,
 Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wild,
 And the rifles were clutched and the bayonets lowered,
 And to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped
 The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped ;
 The second,—a third straight filled his place ;
 The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a son in the mud was crushed,
 Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
 Many a heart that sought the crest
 Found Allah's throne and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
 And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
 Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
 Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
 That cheered up the brave and chid the coward :
 Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
 His head erect and his temples bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored ;
 But he waved them on with his waving sword,
 "It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
 But he stood with his face set hard to the sea.

Then clung they about him and tugged and knelt ;
 He drew a pistol from out his belt,
 And fired it blank at the first that set
 Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled ; but on
 Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
 As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
 Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed ;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honour full, but his life-blood spilt.

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
"Make him a bier of your arms," he said,
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground ;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round.
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade ;—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an Infidel maid!"

"Dig her a grave where she stood and fell,
'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair ;
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

Alfred Austin, "Soliloquies in Song".

LXXVI

THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS

(22 JANUARY, 1879)

"For victory!—no, all hope is gone; for life!—let that go too;
But for the Colours still work on—the chance is left with you.
I know to share our death with us ye both desire to stay,
But these are my last orders—Mount! and with them force your way."

On Coghill and on Melvill thus these last commands were laid;
They left the Colonel where he stood, and without words obeyed.

In silence, then, that steadfast pair moved onward side by side,
And, lifting with its staff the Flag, began their ghastly ride.

Watched through that wild and whirling fight, through wreaths of eddying smoke,
Their horses ridden hard and straight, on those bold foemen broke ;
Amid the dark lines plunging deep, their blades flashed back the light,
And then, like divers in the sea, they both are hid from sight.

But now we know they died not there, for rising up once more,
Through the rough battle-tide they beat, alive, though wounded sore ;
The red drops fell like falling rain, but still their steeds were swift ;
And hope is strong within them as they gallop for the Drift.

O'er grinning boulders guided safe, forced through fierce tufts of thorn,
Then dashing like a torrent down the path by torrents worn ;
Well handled in that fearful race, and never slackening speed,
The chargers struggle gallantly, nor fail them at their need.

In vain the dusky giants spread all over that rough ground ;
With cruel eys and glistening teeth, like panthers leap around ;
Melvill's skilled bridle hand is there, and Coghill's hovering sword ;
A new escape each stride, but still, they foil that furious horde.

Till, toiling through the reed-beds dank, and up the wild ravine,

They gain the open hill-top whence the longed-for Drift is seen.

Alas ! the rifles flash and ring—alas ! like billows roll Besieging masses to and fro, between them and their goal.

The last frail chance they feel is gone, and turn at once aside :

But turn without despairing, since not for themselves they ride.

Beyond the flood, a furlong's breadth, the land is English land,

And they must bear our Colours there, though in a dying hand.

They plunge and swim, the stream runs on—runs dark with priceless gore,

But that high purpose in the heart lends life, and something more ;

For though their best blood mingle with the rain-swelled river's foam,

Death has no power to stop them till they bring their Colours home.

Death had not power to stop them. No ! when through spates rolling dim,

Melvill, half-drowned, cried out aloud to help the Flag, not him ;

When Coghill, crippled and outworn, retreading that grim track,

A martyr in war's noble faith, to certain fate rode back—

They had, it might be thought, to die, leaving their work half done,

But aids unseen rose up to end the task so well begun : It was as if the intense desire through earth, air, water wrought,

Passed from them with their passing souls, and home the Colours brought.

Those Colours, saved for happier days, and armed with that desire,
 Shall feel the last breath of the dead thrill through their folds like fire ;
 And by the spirit-memories of that bold ride made strong,
 O'er many a battlefield in power shall yet be borne along.
 But those who shielded them from shame, and through fierce thousands made
 A passage for them with their blood, are in one silence laid ;
 Silence between the strife and them, between them and the cheers
 That greet the Flag returning slow, the welcome and the tears.

For now, forgetting that wild ride, forgetful of all pain,
 High amongst those who have not lived, who have not died, in vain,
 By strange stars watched, they sleep afar, within some nameless glen,
 Beyond the tumult and the noise, beyond the praise of men.
 But we who feel what wealth of hope for ever there was lost,
 What bitter sorrow burns for them, how dear those Colours cost,
 Can but recall the sad old truth, so often said and sung,
 That brightest lives fade first—that those whom the gods love die young.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, "The Return of the Guards and other Poems".

LXXXVII

COLONEL BURNABY

(17 JANUARY 1885)

Thou that on every field of earth and sky
 Didst hunt for Death, who seemed to flee and fear,
 How great and greatly fallen dost thou lie
 Slain in the Desert by some wandering spear :

"Not here, alas!" May England say, "not here.
 Nor in this quarrel was it meet to die,
 But in that dreadful battle drawing nigh
 To thunder through the Afghan passes sheer.

Like Aias by the ships thou shouldst have stood,
 And in some glen have stayed the stream of flight,
 The bulwark of thy people and their shield,
 When Indus or when Helmund ran with blood,
 Till back into the Northland and the Night
 The smitten Eagles scattered from the field."

Andrew Lang, "Grass of Parnassus".

LXXXVIII

ODE ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON

(25 JANUARY, 1855)

On through the Libyan sand
 Rolls ever, mile on mile,
 League on long league, cleaving the rainless land,
 Fed by no friendly wave, the immemorial Nile.

Down through the cloudless air,
 Undimmed, from heaven's sheer height,
 Bend their inscrutable gaze, austere and bare,
 In long-proceeding pomp, the stars of Libyan night.

Beneath the stars, beside the unpausing flood,
 Earth trembles at the wandering lion's roar;
 Trembles again, when in blind thirst of blood
 Sweep the wild tribes along the startled shore.

They sweep and surge and struggle, and are gone:
 The mournful desert silence reigns again,
 The immemorial River rolleth on,
 The ordered stars gaze blank upon the plain.

O awful Presence of the lonely Nile,
 O awful Presence of the starry sky,
 Lo, in this little while
 Unto the mind's true-seeing inward eye

There hath arisen there
 Another haunting Presence as sublime,
 As great, as sternly fair ;
 Yea, rather fairer far
 Than stream, or sky, or star,
 To live while star shall burn or river roll,
 Unmarred by marring Time,
 The crown of Being, a heroic soul.

Beyond the weltering tides of worldly change
 He saw the invisible things,
 The eternal Forms of beauty and of Right ;
 Wherewith well pleased his spirit wont to range,
 Rapt with divine delight,
 Richer than empires, royaler than Kings.

Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,
 Saviour of empires, servant of the poor,
 Not in the sordid scales of earth, unsure,
 Depraved, adulterate,
 He measured small and great,
 But by some righteous balance wrought in heaven,
 To his pure hand by Powers empyreal given ;
 Therewith, by men unmoved, as God he judged aright.

As on the broad sweet-watered river tost
 Falls some poor grain of salt,
 And melts to naught, nor leaves embittering trace ;
 As in the o'er-arching vault
 With unrepelled assault
 A cloudy climbing vapour, lightly lost,
 Vanisheth utterly in the starry space ;
 So from our thought, when his enthroned estate
 We inly contemplate,
 All wrangling phantoms fade, and leave us face to face.

Dwell in us, sacred Spirit, as in thee
 Dwelt the eternal Love, the eternal Life,
 Nor dwelt in only thee ; not thee alone
 We honour reverently,
 But in thee all who in some succouring strife,
 By day or dark, world-witnessed or unknown,
 Crushed by the crowd, or in late harvest hailed,
 Warring thy war have triumphed, or have failed.

Nay, but not only there
 Broods thy great Presence, o'er the Libyan plain.
 It haunts a kindlier clime, a dearer air,
 The liberal air of England, thy loved home.
 Thou through her sunlit clouds and flying rain
 Breathe, and all winds that sweep her island shore—
 Rough fields of riven foam,
 Where in stern watch her guardian breakers roar.
 Ay, throned with all her mighty memories,
 Wherefrom her nobler sons their nurture draw,
 With all of good or great
 For aye incorporate,
 That rears her race to faith and generous shame,
 To high-aspiring awe,
 To hate implacable of thick-thronging lies,
 To scorn of gold and gauds and clamorous fame ;
 With all we guard most dear and most divine,
 All records ranked with thine,
 Here be thy home, brave soul, thy undecaying shrine.

Ernest Myers, "The Judgment of Prometheus".

LXXIX

"FUZZY-WUZZY"

(*Soudan Expeditionary Force*)

(1889)

We've fought with many men across the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not ;
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese ;
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im :
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakin
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan ;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man ;
 We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're
 inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Burman give us Irrawaddy chills,
 An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pap to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid ;
 Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair ;
 But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'as'nt got no papers of 'is own,
 'E 'as'nt got no medals nor rewards,
 So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-anded swords ;
 When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin'-eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
 An' appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last an' ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more,
 If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore ;
 But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
 For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square.

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
 An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb !
 'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
 'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a dam
 For a Regiment o' British Infantree !

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin'
 man;
 An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of
 'air—
 You big black boundlin' beggar—for you broke a British
 square!

Rudyard Kipling, "Barrack-room Ballads".

LXXX

IS WAR THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NO GOOD
 IN IT?

They say that "war is hell," the "great accursed,"
 The sin impossible to be forgiven;
 Yet I can look beyond it at his worst,
 And still find blue in heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
 Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
 That He who made the earthquake and the storm
 Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span
 Abbreviated by each passing breath,
 It is the true humanity of Man
 Victorious over death,

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
 Sense ineradicable of things afar,
 Fair hope of finding after many days
 The bright and morning Star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
 Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
 Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
 The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
 Have won a fiery and unequal fray,—
 No infantry has ever done such deed
 Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell
 Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,—
 The gallant Private learns to practise well
 His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
 A mighty music solemnly, what time
 The oratorio of the cannonade
 Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,
 The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
 The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
 The just-recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,
 The duty done that brings no nation's thanks,
The Ama Nesciri of some grim and gray
 A Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
 The patient strength that is too proud to press,
 The duty done for duty, not reward,
 The losty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
 Taking their path of duty higher and higher,
 What do we deem that they, too, may have learned
 In that baptismal fire?

Not that the only end beneath the sun
 Is to make every sea a trading lake,
 And all our splendid English history one
 Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week—
 Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's crown,
 The wind of battle breathing on their cheek
 Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run—
 Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
 Them no reveille and no morning gun
 Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
 Of those who lived, and into it instead
 Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
 Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent,
 And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,
 And to them came a great presentiment
 Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames
 At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
 The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames
 God's pictures in the skies.

*William Alexander, D.D., "The Finding of The Book,
 and other Poems".*

LXXXI

PAT AT GLENCOE

(20 OCTOBER, 1899)

Seven rampageous hours, and still
 They clung like bees to the blacken'd hill.
 Singing and stinging the bullets came,
 And the mist was torn by spirits of flame.
 We watch'd them scuttle and duck and dive
 As we utter'd our Maxims here and there ;
 But back they would swarm to the hive, alive,
 And their sulky guns would croak and flare.
 Citizens ?—oh, we may argue about it ;
 Soldiers ?—we go where we're order'd to go ;
 Yes, and, if anyone ventures to doubt it,
 Troth, he may take the next turn at Glencoe.

At last our cannon below the town
 Had argued Paul's old ranters down.
 Our hearts kick'd out and our tongues were dumb ;
 We knew our taste of the luck had come.
 "King's Own Rifles and Fusiliers,
 You will advance and storm the hill !"
 'Twas the fiddles of Heav'n to our thirsty ears,
 And we roar'd our answer, "Faith, we will!"
 Citizens ?—oh, we may argue about it ;
 Soldiers ?—we go where we're order'd to go ;
 Yes, and, if anyone ventures to doubt it,
 Troth, he may take the next turn at Glencoe.

'Twas hail on the dropping forest then,
 But the hail was death and the leaves were men.
 A jerk of the arms and a face turn'd white,
 And the boy at your side was out of sight.
 'Twas climbing the devil's naked stairs,
 'Twas drinking hell from a loving cup !
 Then all in a moment 'twas hounds and hares—
 The Boers were down and the Jack was up.
 Citizens ?—oh, we may argue about it ;
 Soldiers ?—we go where we're order'd to go ;
 Yes, and, if anyone ventures to doubt it,
 Troth, he may take the next turn at Glencoe.

Frederick Langbridge, "Ballads and Legends".

LXXXII

HODGE THE DRUMMER

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
 Uncoffined—just as found :
 His landmark is a kopje-crest
 That breaks the veldt around ;
 And foreign constellations west
 Each night above his mound.

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew—
 Fresh from his Wessex home—
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,
 The Bush, the dusty loam,
 And why uprose to nightly view
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

Yet portion of that unknown plain
 Will Hodge for ever be ;
 His homely Northern breast and brain
 Grow up a Southern tree,
 And strange-eyed constellations reign
 His stars eternally.

Thomas Hardy, "Poems of the Past and the Present".

LXXXIII

THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN

(27 AND 28 MAY, 1905)

Great past all strength of watchers to appraise,
 The deed by faith and patient valour done
 When on Tsushima's waters sank the sun
 And grim night's victory followed on the day's !
 Before the Western nations' wondering gaze
 The East stood forth, and fought for life, and won.
 Ship by ship foundered, gun by giant gun,
 And a new Empire met the morning's rays.

What that fierce anguish meant what tongue can tell ? .
 Fate's full desire what mortal power can name ?
 Or read the secret of the word that came
 Fire-winged from heaven through battle's mons'rous hell ?
 But this we know, that some vast idol fell,
 And Nelson's land is glad at Togo's fame.

George Barlow, "A Man's Vengeance".

XI

SONGS OF SEA-FARING

*Ye Gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.*

Martyn Parker, "Song".

*"Fool," he answer'd, "Death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home."*

Lord Tennyson, "The Sailor Boy".

*The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that is
always new.*

Rudyard Kipling, "L'Envoi".

LXXXIV

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

*Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.*

Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave ;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow,
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

LXXXV

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

(From "The Saga of King Olaf")

Safe at anchor in Dronheim Bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming banner ;
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red ;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white ;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended ;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale ;
Every cabin boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet ;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Raine of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand ;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted ;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood ;

Graceful was his form, and slender,
 And his eyes were deep and tender
 As a woman's in the splendour
 Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
 Watched the sailors at their work :
 Heavens ! how they swore !
 Thirty men they each commanded,
 Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
 Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
 Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
 With King Olaf sailed the seas,
 Till the waters vast
 Filled them with a vague devotion,
 With the freedom and the motion,
 With the roll and roar of ocean
 And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
 How they roared through Drontheim's street,
 Boisterous as the gale !
 How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
 Till the tavern roof resounded,
 And the host looked on astounded
 As they drank the ale !

Never saw the wild North Sea
 Such a gallant company
 Sail its billows blue !
 Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
 Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
 Owned a ship so well apparelled,
 Boasted such a crew !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".

LXXXVI

THE SEA-KING'S GRAVE
(TENTH CENTURY)

High over the wild sea-border, on the furthest downs to the West,
Is the green grave-mound of the Norseman, with the yew-tree grove on its crest.
And I heard in the winds his story, as they leapt up salt from the wave,
And tore at the creaking branches that grow from the sea-king's grave ;
Some son of the old-world Vikings, the wild sea-wandering lords,
Who sailed in a snake-prowed galley, with a terror of twenty swords.
From the fiords of the sunless winter, they came on an icy blast,
Till over the whole world's sea-board the shadow of Odin passed,
Till they sped to the inland waters and under the Southland skies,
And stared on the puny princes with their blue victorious eyes.
And they said he was old and royal, and a warrior all his days,
But the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the island ways ;
And he came from a hundred battles, and died in his last wild quest,
For he said, "I will have my vengeance, and then I will take my rest."

He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of the isles was dead ;
He had drunken the draught of triumph, and his cup was the Isle-king's head ;
And he spoke of the song and feasting, and the gladness of things to be,
And three days over the waters they rowed on a waveless sea ;

Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward, and a gust broke
out of the cloud,
And the spray beat over the rowers, and the murmur of
winds was loud
With the voice of the far-off thunders, till the shuddering
air grew warm,
And the day was as dark as at even, and the wild god
rode on the storm.
But the old man laughed in the thunder as he set his casque
on his brow,
And he waved his sword in the lightning and clung to the
painted prow.
And a shaft from the storm-god's quiver flashed out from
the flame-flushed skies,
Rang down on his war-worn harness and gleamed in his
fiery eyes,
And his mail and his crested helmet, and his hair, and his
beard burned red;
And they said, "It is Odin calls;" and he fell, and they
found him dead.

So here, in his war-guise armoured, they laid him down to
his rest,
In his casque with the reindeer antlers, and the long grey
beard on his breast;
His bier was the spoil of the islands, with a sail for a
shroud beneath,
And an oar of his blood-red galley, and his battle-brand in
the sheath;
And they buried his bow beside him, and planted the grove
of yew,
For the grave of a mighty archer, one tree for each of his
crew;
Where the flowerless cliffs are sheerest, where the sea-birds
circle and swarm,
And the rocks are at war with the waters, with their jagged
grey teeth in the storm;
And the huge Atlantic billows sweep in, and the mists en-
close
The hill with the grass-grown mound where the Norseman's
yew-tree grows.

LXXXVII

THE SAILING OF THE SWORD

Across the empty garden-beds,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 I scarcely saw my sisters' heads
 Bow'd each beside a tree.
 I could not see the castle leads,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 But Ursula's was russet brown :
 For the mist we could not see
 The scarlet roofs of the good town,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Green holly in Alicia's hand,
When the Sword went out to sea ;
 With sere oak-leaves did Ursula stand ;
 O ! yet alas for me !
 I did but bear a peel'd white wand,
When the Sword went out to sea.

O, russet brown and scarlet bright,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 My sisters wore ; I wore but white :
 Red, brown, and white, are three ;
 Three damozels ; each had a knight,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said :
When the Sword went out to sea,
 Alicia, while I see thy head,
 What shall I bring for thee ?
 O, my sweet Lord, a ruby red :
The Sword went out to sea.

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 O, Ursula ! while I see the town,
 What shall I bring for thee ?
 Dear Knight, bring back a falcon brown :
The Sword went out to sea.

But my Roland, no word he said
When the Sword went out to sea,
 But only turn'd away his head ;
 A quick shriek came from me ;
 Come back, dear lord, to your white maid
The Sword went out to sea.

The hot sun hit the garden-beds
When the Sword came back from sea .
 Beneath an apple-tree our heads
 Stretch'd out toward the sea ;
 Grey gleam'd the thirsty castle-leads,
When the Sword came back from sea.

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,
When the Sword came back from sea
 He kiss'd Alicia on the head :
 I am come back to thee ;
 'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed
Now the Sword is back from sea !

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,
When the Sword came back from sea ;
 His arms went round tall Ursula's gown :
 What joy, O love, but thee ?
 Let us be wed in the good town,
Now the Sword is back from sea !

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,
When the Sword came back from sea ;
 Upon the deck a tall white maid
 Sat on Lord Roland's knee ;
 His chin was press'd upon her head,
When the Sword came back from sea !

William Morris, "The Defence of Guenevere,
 and Other Poems".

LXXXVIII

SIR PATRICK SPENS

(1281 ?)

The King sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine.
 "O whare will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship of mine ?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
 Sat at the King's right knee—
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sail'd the sea?"

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem ;
 The king's daughter of Noroway,
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae loud, loud laughed he ;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
 And tauld the king o' me,
 To send us out, at this time of the year,
 To sail upon the sea ?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem ;
 The king's daughter of Noroway,
 'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
 Wi' a' the haste they may ;
 And they hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
 And a' our queenis fee."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie !

"For I brought as much white monie
 As gane my men and me,
 And I brought a half-fou' o' gude red goud,
 Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry-men a' !
 Our gude ship sails the morn."

"Now ever alake, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm !

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
 It was sic a deadly storm ;
 And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
 Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
 To take my helm in hand,
 Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
 To see if I can spy land ? "

"O here am I a sailor gude,
 To take the helm in hand,
 Till ye get up to the tall top-mast ;
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claiith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And wap them into our ship's side,
 And let na the sea come in."

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claih,
 Another o' the twine,
 And they wapped them round that gude ship,
 But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their milk-white hands !
 But lang ere a' the play was o'er
 They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their cork-heel'd shoon !
 But lang ere a' the play was play'd
 They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That fluttered on the faem,
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
 The maidens tore their hair,
 A' for the sake of their true loves,
 For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi' the goud kaims in their hair,
 A waiting for their ain dear loves !
 For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

LXXXIX

THE LAST BUCCANIER

(EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY)

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
 But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
 And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
 As the pleasant isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,

All furnished well with small-arms and cannons round about ;

And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
 To choose their gallant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old ;

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,

Who flog men, and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold ;

And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,

To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
 A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
 With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar

Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be,
 So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night ;

And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
 Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young creature
 died;
 But, as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
 And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.
 And now I'm old, and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
 One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off
 there;
 If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main
 To the pleasant Isle of Avæs, to look at it once again.

Charles Kingsley, "Poems".

xc

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

(28 JUNE, 1782)

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the *Royal George*
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
 No tempest gave the shock:
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder.
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper, "Poetical Works"

xci

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high.
 The white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham, "Poems and Songs".

xcii

TOM BOWLING

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For Death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful, below, he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair ;
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly ;
 Ah, many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed ;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

Charles Dibdin, "The Oddities".

POOR JACK

XCIII

POOR JACK

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
 A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth should
 smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
 And under reefed foresail we'll scud :
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback ;
 For they say there's a providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palayer one day,
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch ;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That providence takes us in tow ;
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would cry—
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argufies snivelling and piping your eye ?
 Why, what a rare fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us :
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 You never will hear of me more.
 What then ? All's a hazard : come, don't be so soft ;
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

D'y'e mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's ;
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack !

Charles Dibdin, "The Oddities".

XCIV

THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE

The Captain stood on the carronade—First lieutenant,
 says he,
 Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me ;
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred
 to the sea ;
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the
 victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
 Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we* ;
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys : so each man to his
 gun ;

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the
 victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had
 enough ;
 I little thought, said he, that your men were of such stuff ;

The Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made
to be;

I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish
to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the
victory.

Our Captain sent for all of us; my merry men, said he,
I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be:
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his
gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged
each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at the sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory.

Captain Marryat, "Snarloyfow".

xcv

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

"Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof shall fall in!
Poor er Junes, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!"

"And as for them who're out all day,
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home,
 To cheer their babes and spouses ;
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying !

"And very often have we heard
 How men are killed and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves, and fires in London.
 We know what risks all landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors ;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors."

Charles Dibdin (?)

xcvi

THE SEA

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free ;
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round.
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter ! I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love ! to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 And whistles aloft his tempest tune :
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the south-west blasts do blow.

THE CAPTAIN

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest—
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I have lived since then in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought nor sighed for change.
 And Death, wherever he come to me,
 Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea.

Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall),
"English Poems".

xcvii

THE CAPTAIN

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY

He that only rules by terror
 Doeth grievous wrong.
 Deep as Hell I count his error.
 Let him hear my song.
 Brave the Captain was : the seamen
 Made a gallant crew,
 Gallant sons of English freemen,
 Sailors bold and true.
 But they hated his oppression,
 Stern he was and rash ;
 So for every light transgression
 Doom'd them to the lash.
 Day by day more harsh and cruel
 Seem'd the Captain's mood.

Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
 Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
 Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
 Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and islands,
 Many a harbour-mouth,
Sailing under palmy highlands
 Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
 O'er the lone expanse,
In the north, her canvas flowing,
 Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's colour heighten'd,
 Joyful came his speech :
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
 In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said : the ship flew forward,
 And the wind did blow ;
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,
 Till she near'd the foe.
Then they look'd at him they hated,
 Had what they desired :
Mute with folded arms they waited—
 Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
 Roaring out their doom ;
All the air was torn in sunder,
 Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,
 Bullets fell like rain ;
Over mast and deck were scatter'd
 Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splinter'd ; decks were broken :
 Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
 Each beside his gun.
On the decks as they were lying,
 Were their faces grim.

In their blood, as they lay dying,
 Did they smile on him.
 Those, in whom he had reliance
 For his noble name,
 With one smile of still defiance
 Sold him unto shame.
 Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
 Pale he turn'd and red,
 Till himself was deadly wounded,
 Falling on the dead.
 Dismal error ! fearful slaughter !
 Years have wander'd by,
 Side by side beneath the water
 Crew and Captain lie ;
 There the sunlit ocean tosses
 O'er them mouldering,
 And the lonely seabird crosses
 With one waft of the wing.

Lord Tennyson, "Poetical Works".

XCVIII

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

I tell you a tale to-night
 Which a seaman told to me,
 With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
 And a voice as low as the sea.
 You could almost hear the stars
 Twinkling up in the sky,
 And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars
 And the same old waves went by,
 Singing the same old song
 As ages and ages ago,
 While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
 With the things that he seemed to know.
 A bare foot pattered on deck ;
 Ropes creaked ; then—all grew still,
 And he pointed his finger straight in my face
 And growled, as a sea-dog will.

"Do 'ee know who Nelson was ?
 That pore little shrivelled form
 With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
 And a soul like a North Sea storm ?

"Ask of the Devonshire men !
 They know, and they'll tell you true ;
 He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap
 That Hardy thought he knew.

"He wasn't the man you think !
 His patch was a dern disguise !
 For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,
 If they looked him in both his eyes.

"He was twice as big as he seemed ;
 But his clothes were cunningly made.
 He'd both of his hairy arms all right !
 The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt ;
 Well, there's more in the matter than that !
 But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,
 And he wasn't the laced cocked-hat.

"Nelson was just—a ghost !
 You may laugh ! But the Devonshire men
 They knew that he'd come when England called,
 And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was
 (For none of the landsmen know),
 And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
 Two hundred years or so.

* * * * *

"The waves were lapping and slapping
 The same as they are to-day ;
 And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
 In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers
 Came floating all around ;
 But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
 Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

" 'What shall I do,' he says,
 'When the guns begin to roar,
 An' England wants me, and me not there
 To shatter 'er foes once more ? '

" (You've heard what he said, maybe,
 But I'll mark you the p'ints again ;
 For I want you to box your compass right
 And get my story plain.)

" 'You must take my drum,' he says,
 'To the old sea-wall at home ;
 And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
 'Why, strike me blind, I'll come !'

" 'If England needs me, dead
 Or living, I'll rise that day !
 I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
 Ten thousand miles away.'

" That's what he said ; and he died ;
 An' his pirates, listenin' roun',
 With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords
 That flashed as the sun went down—

" They sewed him up in his shroud
 With a round-shot top and toe,
 To sink him under the salt sharp sea
 Where all good seamen go.

" They lowered him down in the deep,
 And there in the sunset light,
 They boomed a broadside over his grave
 As meanin' to say 'Good-night'.

" They sailed away in the dark
 To the dear little isle they knew ;
 And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall ✓
 The same as he told them to.

* * * * *

" Two hundred years went by,
 And the guns began to roar,
 And England was fighting hard for her life,
 As ever she fought of yore.

"It's only my dead that count,'
 She said, as she says to-day ;
 'It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
 'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

"D'you guess who Nelson was ?
 You may laugh, but it's true as true !
 There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
 Than ever his best friend knew.

"The foe was creepin' close,
 In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle ;
 They were ready to leap at England's throat,
 When—O, you may smile, you may smile ;

"But—ask of the Devonshire men ;
 For they heard in the dead of night
 The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
 On a ship all shining white.

"He stretched out his dead cold face
 And he sailed in the grand old way !
 The fishes had taken an eye and an arm
 But—he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

"Nelson—was Francis Drake !
 O, what matters the uniform,
 Or ~~itch~~ ^{itch} on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
 If ~~soul's~~ ^{soul's} like a North Sea storm ?"

Alfred Noyes, "Collected Poems," Vol. II.

xcix

OLD IRONSIDES

(1830)

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Beneath it rang the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave ;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Poetical Works".

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THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

(15, 16 DECEMBER, 1839)

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed lie.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father ! I hear the church bells ring,
O say what may it be ?”
“'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !”—
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be ?”
“Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

" O father! I see a gleaming light,
 O say what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That saved she might be;
 And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave,
 On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and ^{the}
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 'In the reef of Norman's Woe !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Poetical Works".

CI

THE "BIRKENHEAD"

A TALE FOR ENGLISHMEN

(26 FEB., 1852)

"I was silence. All was sleep. Night lay pillow'd on
 the Deep,
 Each cold stars that watched unwinking in a cloudless sky,
 And these whispered to the Wave, "Tell us stories of the
 brave.
 We would see this night thy pageant, 'How the English
 die'."

When the Ocean called on Death, in his silent watch beneath,
 Arm thyself for sudden slaughter. I will be to thee for aid;
 Or the stars that rule this night would behold thee ride
 In might
 My battlesteed of terror o'er the souls of men afraid."
 From his stillness Death upstirred at the summons that he
 heard,
 Echoing back his solemn answer to the mandate of the main,
 "Hear and I obey. Who are these thou would'st dismay?"
 English men," boomed slow the thunder of the sullen
 Deep again.

Then Death answered, "Thou hast oft borne my battle-scar
 lost,
Till men's voices, shrill with terror, stilled the wailing of
 the wind;
But the hearts of English men are as lions in their den,
Though thou crush them down to silence, neither thou nor
 I shall bind;

"And the stars that look adown shall behold our
 o'erthrown,
Bearing witness that our masters are these men of British
 race.
Though thy billows overflow till their limbs are sti
 below;
Theirs the glory, theirs the triumph, who shall fight us face
 to face?"

Then the sullen Ocean played round the ambush Death
 had laid,
Rocking soft the gallant vessel where she rode its treach
 ous tide,
Till she touched the hidden rock, and night echoed to the
 shock
Of her rending, whilst the waters stormed the breaches
 her side.

"A wreck! A wreck! A wreck!" Death's that war-er
 but on deck
No man cried. The captain's voice alone gave orders
 his crew;
Whilst, like ants, out of the hold streamed young lads in
 veterans bold,
Each beholding Death before him as a foeman that
 knew.

Every seaman toiled with will, but the boatswain's pipe
 came shrill,
"Sixty men to man the pumps." And in a moment so
 they stood—
Sixty soldiers stark and strong marched that shattered
 deck along
To give battle such as heroes seldom gave on field of blood.

For these sixty, for the crew, there is somewhat set to do,
 And each comrad' 'gainst his fellow striveth nobly in the
 race ;
 But four hundred red-coats stand to their ranks on either
 hand,
 Watching Death draw nearer, nearer, whilst they eye him
 face to face.

On the long, low line of coast, half a league away at
 most,
 Life holds out a hand and beckons : " Safe is he that hither
 flies.
 How your chance is, while she floats. For your lives, men,
 seize the boats ! "
 But a coward is not found there, and no craven's voice
 replies.

But those boats, 'tis shame to see, were but five, and are
 but three.

Helpless women, little children, are enough to fill them all.
 Ah ! the little ones and wives by the stronger stalwart
 lives
 Are girt round with living breastplates when 'tis need that
 Britons fall.

So the feebler lives go free o'er the treacherous smiling
 sea,
 And the hearts of all are lightened that their toil is not in
 vain,
 Striving till the fierce onrush, when the waters overgush
 All last fragment of denial, and the great ship parts in
 O'er twain.

Then the one half settles down. Easier so perchance to
 drown,
 Than to live with these that linger 'neath the hollow eyes
 of Death.
 Cries a leader, " All is o'er ; there is naught we may do
 more ;
 But 'tis each man's right to strive alone, then strive whilst
 ye have breath.